UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT, CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1843. WHOLE NO. 1165.

Original Poetry.

TO GERTRUDE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

If every breath of song shall softly steal
Upon my spirit in its lonely hour,
When years have withered up youth's latest flower,
The minstrel breathing only may reveal
Such tones as thrilled along the heart's glad chord,
When thou the spirit-waves of rapture stirred,
Winning the souls of all that lingered round
To catch the hallowed richness of the hour
That waked each spirit-tone, when hearts were bound
Beneath the love-gifts of thy rapturous dower;
Oh! when all else save the lone thought of thee
Shall long have past—ideal hues of gladness
Be sobered down to melancholy sadness.
Thy sweet form shall o'ersweep the waves of memory.

E. J. P.

Original Sketch.

THE TEMPTER AND THE TEMPTED.

Founded on Fact.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY ELIHU D. TARR.

Gentle reader! if you will imagine yourself seated beside me in a neat and comfortable frame cottage, situated in one of the interior counties of one of our largest states, surrounded by shrubbery and shaded by trees, and affording every convenience to make this life easy and desirable, I will introduce you to a plain countryman and his wife with their three little ones. Their names are McFarran. He is from the North of Ireland, and has resided here about ten years. His wife is the only child of an aged and respectable farmer who lives on the adjoining farm. Peace, plenty, and goodwill seems stamped on all around them, and if you could stay here with me a few weeks, you would be led to wonder that a thought should ever intrude itself into the minds of this happy circle, to change their place of abode.

And if as fond of the sports and innocent plays of childhood as the writer, you might here spend hours of pleasure in watching their chubby little ones sporting and gamboling upon the lawn, which stretches away to a considerable extent on either side of the grove of maples leading from the door of the cottage, to the road beyond. But let us break in upon their play and trip away with them to the old log cabin of grandpa, and partake of the pleasure it will afford him to permit one climb upon each knee, while a third astride of his cane rides round the room, making the whole house to ring with their merry clatter. I have often watched him and them for hours at a time, alternately amusing each other, and often seen the tear of heartfelt joy as he bent at them his anxious look, mingled with the expression of fear, as the thought of their future destiny crossed his aged mind. This is the picture of a family circle as it was, rather than as it now is, and I wish that I could leave them in the enjoyment of their rural happiness. But like our first parents, not content with present and allowed abundance, they reached forward to pluck other fruits, the taste of which brought death.

In the Spring of 1839, they quit this earthly paradise and settled in the large commercial city of the state in which they had been residing. A confined house in one of the outer streets served as a place of business, as well as residence. Here they opened a small store. Often did the parents sigh for their "home in the West," and their fawn-like children talk of its beauties, their grandpa, and the little orchard they had left behind.

They were, of course, unaccustomed to city life, knew nothing of its surrounding temptations and dangers, and consequently were liable to become the dupes of the unprincipled, or be drawn into the vortex of crime by the many who prowl about and hang upon the skirts of society in large cities, selecting the innocent and unsuspecting as their victims. For awhile, their retiring habits and simple mode of life either repulsed the approaches of such, or offered so little promise of reward, as to allow them quietly to pursue "the even tenor of their way" in uninterrupted peace. This, however, like the deceptive stillness of the mighty deep only tended to throw them off their guard, and make the approach of the destroyer less suspected, and place his victim the more perfectly within his blighting grasp.

For three years things thus continued, and the ties of kindred and friends left behind were fast giving way, their new abode increasing in charms with the increase of its inmates, for the pledges of their love now numbered five. The mother of this little group was the radiating centre of all its brightest joys. Simple in her manners, unaffected in her piety, and untiring in her watchfulness and instruction of her children, attentive and affectionate to her husband, she was all that a mother and wife should seek to be.

By industry and frugality, Mr. McFarran, had succeeded in business, and laid up about $2000. They were contented and happy. They had now, as I have said, spent three years in the city. It was but a few weeks after this, that, when seated in the room back of their little store, some one entered the front door and was making his way toward the door opening into the room where they were sitting. The mother had just prepared the eldest daughter, (a beautiful girl of twelve years of age) for bed, —and she was then kneeling beside her, repeating the Lord's Prayer. The interruption was unexpected, but soon Mr. McFarran recognized one with whom he had become acquainted before his removal, and while on a visit to the city.

He was a young man of prepossessing address, and about twenty-seven years of age. He was connected with one of the most respectable families in the city,—some branches of which were very wealthy. We will call him Mr. Wear. His visit was protracted till near eleven o'clock. During his stay he talked of the extent of his business, his large profits and fine prospects. He spoke of the small way of business in which Mr. McFarran was engaged, and hinted that he thought he could suggest a mode to enlarge in, with promise of great success.

The discriminating mind and penetrating eye of Mrs. McFarran discovered something, or at least thought she did, exceedingly mysterious in the manner and conversation of their visitor. When the hour of eleven arrived and he bade them a good-night, she felt somewhat relieved at his departure. But her fears were aroused—and when he, with Mr. McFarran, passed through the door leading into the store and closed it behind them, and turned to say somemething to her husband, she experienced an indescribable sensation and fearful forebodings. A conversation in an under tone was held between Mr. McFarran and his visiter for about an half-hour, when he departed, and Mr. McFarran closed and locked the door, and returned to the sitting-room, where his wife awaited him. Without making a remark, he seated himself upon the sofa, and fixing his eyes upon the floor was soon lost in meditation. A gentle admonition from his wife summoned him to bed, but not to rest.

He had *listened* to the voice of the tempter, and he was balancing her promises of great and speedy riches with the awful denunciation of God, that "the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." And he longed for the morning light. It came, but brought not its usual joys to the bosom of either Mr. or Mrs. McFarran. He was thoughtful and morose. She was filled with dread, and started at every sound. He avoided the gaze of his wife and the caresses of his children—and they in turn were the more desirous of gaining his attention and drawing forth his wanted smile.

So matters remained until the third day after the visit, when another stranger entered the store, and after a short conversation with Mr. McFarran, withdrew. This person had a rough exterior and darted his eyes around the room before every sentence he spoke as if fearful some one would overhear him. After he had left, Mr. McFarran thrust his hands into his pockets and walked two or three times across the floor, and then opening the door leading into the back room asked if his dinner was "most ready." His wife, who was preparing their meal, had become so excited by the visit of the two strangers and her husband's changed manner, that she was as timid as the affrighted hare, and started on the sound of that voice which before was as music to her soul. Recovering herself somewhat she replied "*yes*," and bade her eldest child place the chairs round the table. They were soon seated, and as usual the children each placed their hands in their laps, and with closed eyes awaited the asking of a blessing. "Our Fath—" faintly uttered the husband and the sound died away upon his lip, and then a long and agonizing pause ensued, which at last was broken by little Ella's saying "pa is not well, won't you ask a blessing, ma?" Raising her eyes to Heaven the mother faintly but fervently said, "O God, our helper, to thee we look in time of need. With thankful hearts for these mercies we seek through a Saviour's merits thy guidance and blessing for the furture. Amen." Their dinner was eaten in painful silence, and Mr. McFarran retired to his store and she to the arrangement of her domestic concerns. This done, and the children off to school, she ventured into the store and commenced a conversation in regard to the prospects of business. This led to the strangers' visits, and their objects.

"Mr. Wear and the person who called the next day after his visit," said Mr. McFarran, "are connected in business, and they propose by offering me facilities for obtaining goods to aid me in business."

"But I fear all is not right," replied his wife.

"My dear," responded Mr. McFarran somewhat sharply, "your fears are unfounded, besides I have been just *creeping along* for the three years I have been in business, laying up but a few hundred dollars a year, while many less qualified than myself are making thousands, and why should I not extend my business and become a large operator." With this he walked leisurely across the store, and thus virtually said I am bent on the pursuit of my own way!

About a week after this last conversation the stranger who last called, again entered the store, and after making a few calculations upon a slip of paper to which he called McFarran's attention, and obtaining his assent to its correctness he left. Nine o'clock that evening large quantities of cloths, shawls, handkerchiefs and other goods were left at the store and carefully taken care of by Mr. McFarran who deposited them in the garret. A few evenings after, and large quantities more arrived and were disposed of in like manner. Again the stranger called and received a large sum of money, but no receipt passed. In less than a week a porter called late in the evening, and the greater part of the goods so received were sent away, and Mr. McFarran upon closing his store said to his wife.

"I have made a capital speculation. My profits on the sale of those goods are near three hundred dollars." "Have you received pay for the goods sold," inquired his wife. "No, but that is all safe," he replied. The next day after the receipt of the goods by M'Farran the papers announced the robbery of a large dry good store, and about two weeks thereafter the arrest of a young man of respectable connections, charged with the larceny. Upon searching his place of business, large quantities of the stolen goods were found. This proved to be young Wear. He was held to bail in the sum of $5000 to answer the charge. Mr. McFarran became very uneasy on receiving the intelligence of Wear's arrest, and became more communicative to his wife, to whom he made known the fact, that he had purchased the large quantities of goods he had received from the suspicious stranger, whom he had reason to believe was concerned in the robbery, and had sold them to young Wear, who seemed to have a perfect knowledge of the *business habits* of the stranger. And so it turned out. The amount of goods stolen being very considerable, a large reward had been offered for their recovery, and the detection of those concerned in the robbery. Consequently the police were on the alert. Some days elapsed and the excitement consequent upon such a bold and extensive robbery, had somewhat subsided, and the mind of Mr. McFarran had settled down into a comparative calm, when as withering and unexpected as the sweeping of a sudden tornado, two officers of justice entered his house and made search for stolen goods.—The most solemn protestations of innocence availed nothing. Search was made, and a part of the goods found stowed away in the garret. This was sufficient to justify his arrest. Fortunately—or unfortunately, Mrs. McFarran was out at this time. The goods were taken charge of, the store closed, and the unfortunate man dragged off to prison, leaving the children alone in the house to await the return of their mother, and tell to her the sad story of their ruin. She returned, heard its details, cast a wild look around her desolate apartments—and then darted into the street, crying "my husband, my husband! bring him back, oh! bring back my husband!" Her children followed her into the street, sobbing the endearing name of "mother, mother!" forming one of the most heartrending scenes which one could be called upon to witness. She however eluded their pursuit, and they in agony and tears wandered from street to street in search of her, but in vain. While these things were transpiring in the neighborhood of his house, the deluded man was silently brooding over his unhappy lot in the walls of a prison. Unable to procure bail, he was compelled to remain there for some days. Meanwhile two members of the legal profession were engaged for him. The few hundred dollars which he had laid up, and had deposited in bank, were handed over to them to settle the affair with the claimant of the stolen goods. By these means his liberty was purchased. He now sought with a sorrowful heart his late happy, but now desolate abode, for such indeed he found it. There indeed he found his children, but they were dirty in their persons and attire, with countenances that indicated want and distress. There too was his wife, lately happy in the enjoyment of his society, and shedding by her dignified presence and enlivening conversation, joy and happiness on all around. But oh! how changed. There she sat in one corner of the room apparently unconscious of his approach. He spoke to her kindly, but was answered by an idiotic laugh, which rang through the house and startled her by its sound, and bounding upon her feet, she cried in a most plaintive tone, "*gone, yes, gone*." "He did not steal. Oh! my head my head." And again sank into her chair and gazed vacantly upon the floor. The truth was too plain. The shock was more than she could bear. It had driven reason from her throne, and left her an idiot, and her children worse than orphans. A few short months found her an inmate of a lunatic asylum, from which she was never released, until released by the kind hand of death.

I visited the unhappy victim of temptation a few months since, and found him broken in spirits, with scarcely the necessaries of life to cheer his path to the tomb. I saw too, his children, meanly clad, and more meanly provided for, so far as their morals and education were concerned. When I looked upon them, and thought what they might, and doubtless would have been under the religious training of her whose image I could trace in their well proportioned features, compared with what they now were, and the positions which they must hereafter occupy in society, my heart sank within me, and I left the abode of wretchedness, but too forcibly reminded of the truth of God's word, "the way of the Transgressor is hard."

Wear and the stranger (the tempters of poor McFarran) fled their homes and sought refuge in a distant land, where they are dragging out a miserable existence, away from the sweets of home, and the society of friends and kindred, enduring the lashings of a guilty conscience. Thus fared *the tempter and the tempted*. How important the prayer, "Lead me not into Temptation."

Selected Poetry.

ABSALOM.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

The waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curled
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
The reeds bent down the stream; the willow leaves,
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
Forgot the lifting winds; and the long stems,
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
And leaned, in graceful attitudes, to rest.
How strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashioned for a happier world!

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem; and now he stood,
With his faint people, for a little rest
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
That he could see his people until now.
They gather'd round him on the fresh green bank,
And spoke their kindly words; and, as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.
Oh! when the heart is full—when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy
Are such a very mockery—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!
He pray'd for Israel—and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He pray'd for those
Whose love had been his shield—and his deep tones
Grew tremulous. But, oh! for Absalom—
For his estranged, misguided Absalom—
The proud, bright being, who had burst away
In all his princely beauty, to defy
The heart that cherished him—for him he poured,
In agony that would not be controlled,
Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

* * * * * * *

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straightened for the grave; and, as the folds
Sunk to the still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels as they swayed
To the admitted air, as glossy now
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's daughters.
His helm was at his feet: his banner, soiled
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
Reversed, beside him: and the jewelled hilt,
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested, like mockery, on his covered brow.
The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
Of David entered, and he gave command,
In a low tone, to his few followers,
And left him with his dead. The king stood still
Till the last echo died: then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of wo:

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou should'st die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb!
My proud boy, Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee!
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet "*my father*!" from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

"But death is on thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;—
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!

"And oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

"And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee;—
And thy dark sin!—Oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this wo its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My lost boy Absalom!"

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child: then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer;
And as if strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently—and left him there—
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

An Independent Woman.—Talk indeed, of your pantomime and gaudy shows—your processions, and installations, and coronations! Give me, for a beautiful sight, a neat and smart woman, heating her oven, and setting her own bread! And if the bustle does make the sign of labor glitter on her brow, what man would not kiss that off, rather than lick the plaster from the cheeks of a duchess!—*Cobbet.*

Original Tales.

LOVE AND REVENGE.

Or, The Phantom Page

CONCLUDED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY ORLANDO GEORGE.

The peace of Europe had been restored by a truce between Edward III., and Philip de Valois, of France, and their respective allies, while crowds of the bravest and most distinguished knights of Christendom repaired to London, for the purpose of displaying their prowess in the splendid tournament there to be given by the English monarch, in honor of the Countess of Salisbury, by whose charms he had been desperately smitten. Among those of our acquaintance who were present at the pageant were the lord de Beaumont, the Earl of Beaujeu and Sir William de Courterelles. The two latter went thither with the intent to meet the former—Beaujeu to question him with regard to his daughter, from whom, as yet he had heard nothing since her elopement, and to challenge him to mortal combat, in case his answers were not satisfactory—Courterelles to render him the homage of a grateful heart, and thank him for what he deemed an almost unparalleled courtesy. It happened, however, that the French knights fell in company before either of them had seen Beaumont, and as Courterelles had defended the distant domain of Beaujeu, (while the latter was compelled to abide with his command at Mortague, and about a month subsequent to the attack upon that town) with romantic gallantry against the English and Germans, who made an incursion with the intention of pillaging and destroying it, the governor, who had forgotten his old enmity, now took occasion to thank him sincerely.

"No thanks to me, my lord," replied Sir William; "what I did was at the request of the lady Louise, whose slightest wish is with me as imperative as the voice of destiny."

"The lady Louise! The request of the lady Louise!" exclaimed Beaujeu, with breathless agitation. "Explain yourself, sir knight."

"With pleasure, my lord," was the reply. "Know, then, that while I was lying with my companions near St. Omer's, a stout page rode into our camp and informed us that a party of the enemy were marching in the direction of your domains, at no great distance, at the same time giving me a short scroll from the lady Louise, expressing a desire that I should protect the same, as far as I was able, which accordingly I did. And now may I know how fares it with your noble daughter!"

"Alas!" returned the earl, "I have had no tidings of my poor girl for more than a year!"

"In heaven's name!" exclaimed the astonished knight, "it is now your turn to explain."

"It is a long story, but mayhap I shall have time to relate it before the lists open," said Beaujeu, and he then proceeded to narrate all the events connected with the disappearance of the lady Louise, as we have done, only more circumstantially, not forgetting the many mysterious feats of the Phantom Page.

"And now I will tell you of my own adventures, as I cannot but think them in some way connected with the circumstances you have detailed. You may not have heard that about thirteen months agone I was taken prisoner with a number of other French Knights, at Pont-a-Tressin. While in this situation I heard of your brave defence of Mortague, as also of the capture of the lord de Beaumont, who is the eldest son of the Earl de Beaumont, of England. Shortly afterward I was informed that he had escaped from Mortague, where he was confined, and he had not been more than a week among his friends before, strangely enough, I was liberated at his instance without ransom, and suffered again to join my bold companions in arms. It was about a week after this that I received the note from the lady Louise, which, I know from the hand, was genuine, and from your description, the page who brought it was none other than he who performed such wonders in Mortague. And now, my lord, if you will allow me to take part in this quarrel, and if it shall appear that force or fraud has been employed in the matter, I will see you amply avenged therefor; but, my lord, you are too old to engage with Beaumont, who is counted one of the best lancers in England. However, if I find that the lady Louise accompanied him willingly, and if he can give honorable account of her, I will still be his friend, though he has outrivalled me. Nevertheless, he has used unworthy means, for I think it must have been he who made the false report of my marriage—the page was too friendly to do it."

It was finally agreed that they should proceed to the tent of the lord de Beaumont, and in case he should fail to satisfy them, Courterelles was to challenge him. The lord John received them courteously, but blushed deeply when he recognised Beaujeu, who immediately unfolded the purpose of his visit, in the hearing of a large number of knights who were present.

"Fore God!" exclaimed Beaumont, laughing outright, "Sir Earl, what have I to do with your daughter! Here I am two years married, and you talk of my eloping with a noble lady of nineteen! I pray you do not let this tale come to the ears of my wife, or it shall go hard with me!"

The outraged and heart-broken parent could only turn to Courterelles with a look of sorrow, for he was struck dumb by this brazen and taunting speech. Sir William now stepped forward, and said to Beaumont,

"My lord, we have good proof that the lady Louise de Beaujeu left the town of Mortague under your protection, and we would gladly know, as far as you are able to inform us, what has since befallen her. If you will say sooth openly, like a true knight, to the satisfaction of her father here, well—if not, here is my gage."

"Well, now, by all the ghostly fathers," returned Beaumont, assuming a tone of mock gravity, "since you have mentioned it I do bethink me of a jade by some such name who stole a right noble charger from me at Tournay. Mayhap this is the wench you seek."

A merry laugh rung through the tent as he finished, but Courterelles was unmoved, and coolly casting down his gauntlet, he said,

"Sir lord, when will you meet me in yonder lists with sharp weapons?"

"To-morrow, at ten, right cheerfully," was the reply, after a moment's consideration.

"'Tis well," said Sir William, and turning on his heel, he left the tent, followed by the earl. So interested was he in the fate of the lady Louise, whom he had loved long and deeply, that he could not think of engaging in the tournament that day, as he had intended, but sat with Beaujeu watching the lists, where the lord de Beaumont rode second to none, hurling his antagonist to the ground at almost every onset.

The next day at ten the two knights were on the spot, and prepared for the encounter which we will not attempt to describe, as we despair of doing it justice. Let it suffice to say that Courterelles having unhorsed his opponent, would have crushed his head with his massive battle axe, as he lay prostrated upon the earth, but the king, who was present, forbade it, and sir William and the lord John parted with mutual expressions of defiance. In the course of the day the latter, who was not hurt, retrieved his tarnished reputation, and in his turn challenged the former to meet him on the morrow, at the same hour as before. At about three o'clock, however, the attention of the spectators was attracted towards a strange figure that entered the lists, riding a beautiful though small white steed. The horseman was of a diminutive size, and he wore a light suit of black armor, and a black ostrich plume over a dress of pure white, and the only offensive weapon he carried was a slight lance, of about two thirds the ordinary length. More than one face wore a smile of half derision, half curiosity, as he rode along with the air of one who should seem perfectly at ease. But there were those who greeted his appearance with other feelings than such as generally accompany a smile, and those were Beaujeu, Courterelles and the lord John.

"As I live," exclaimed the first, to Sir William, who walked by his side within the enclosure of the lists—"as I live, here comes the Phantom Page."

"The very same who delivered me the note from the Lady Louise, and from him we may learn something of her," was the reply, as the Page riding up to Beaujeu, presented him with a small billet, and withdrew without at all heeding the request of the Earl that he would linger a moment. The latter now unfolded the paper, and read as follows:—

"To the Lord Governor of Mortague—

I go to do battle in the cause of your daughter. If I fall, I charge you with my burial.

THE PHANTOM PAGE."

By the time Beaujeu had finished reading this laconic note, the self-styled Page had paused before the Lord John de Beaumont, who stood conversing with several other knights, while their steeds were held a few paces in the rear by their respective squires, and in a voice of singular intonation addressed him thus:

"Sir John, Lord de Beaumont, I do here charge thee that thou art a villian, a liar and a murderer—which I stand ready to prove instantly, as a true knight;" and so saying he tossed his glove contemptuously into the very face of the astonished Lord, and reining carelessly away he took his station at a few rods' distance.

Every emotion of Beaumont was now merged in uncontrollable rage, and vaulting upon his horse, he demanded instant combat. When the immense throng of spectators beheld the daring assurance of the strange half knight, half page, a tumultuous murmur arose, with here and there a shriek of surprise from the ladies, who saw that the intruder could expect nothing else than immediate death. But when the sturdy and powerful frame of the Lord John, cased in tripple mail, was seen ranged opposite to the fragile stranger, notwithstanding the intense anxiety that was felt in the issue, shouts of laughter burst forth on all sides, in which Beaumont himself at length joined, while the only disinterested person present appeared to be the Phantom Page! As for Beaujeu and Sir William, their every nerve ached with fearful expectancy of the coming event. The Lord John had recognized the Phantom Page from the first, and as he was now fully assured that he was nothing more than mortal, he resolved that he should never leave the lists alive. This for several reasons. He had not forgotten his own very unceremonious expulsion, with the loss of the miniature, from the chamber in Mortagne palace, and he felt sure from certain circumstances, that the Page could unfold a tale of his conduct toward the Lady Louise, which he preferred to have kept secret, if possible; add to this the recent outrageous insult, he had received, and we have that which a man of his fierce and reckless nature was not likely to overlook. But raising his vizor and assuming an air of supercilious pity, he rode up to the Knight-page, and said in a loud and taunting tone—

"Now God assoilzie thee, my pretty Page! thy blood will scarcely be enough to moisten my thirsty lance!"

"I am no Page, but a better Knight than thou, which I am prepared to show with my good lance here; and as for my blood, if it be but little, it is innocent, and the less thou sheddest of such, the more hope for thee hereafter," replied the Knight-page.

"*Thy good lance*!" exclaimed Beaumont, contemptuously; "by the tomb of St. Thomas, mad boy! it is but a bodkin that thou bearest." And then turning to the spectators, he continued, "gentle sirs and fair ladies, this is a child—a maiden beside herself!"

"And thou art a lying, murderous traitor," retorted the Knight-page,—and saying this he struck the Lord John unawares a heavy blow with the butt-end of his lance across the bare face, and sparring forward to the other side of the lists, he wheeled, quick as lightning, apparently expecting an immediate attack. Beaumont gazed after him, his face flushed with anger, and then turning to his squire he ordered his body armor to be unfastened and taken off, for he was ashamed to assault his puny antagonist at such odds. He was obeyed, and as the Knight-page observed the movement, the little armor he wore fell to the ground, as if by magic, except his helmet and a small plate of steel he wore upon his right shoulder. The principal portion of the lookers-on had by this time arrived at the conclusion that the stranger was really insane, and expressions of pity were echoed from mouth to mouth, through the vast concourse, while, as every thing was ready for the encounter, which must inevitably prove fatal, the Lord of Beaujeu and De Courterelles actually trembled with anxiety. At length the latter being unable longer to bear the sight, walked to the side of the mysterious being, and said,

"In our Lady's name, fair sir, I pray you to desist from your rash purpose, and allow me to undertake this quarrel on your behalf." The Knight-page waved his hand impatiently, and motioned him to silence, without deigning any reply; and a moment after the fearful signal was given.

The coursers sprung forward like arrows from a bow, and what was the horror of the spectators, when they beheld the stout lance of Beaumont placed firmly in its rest, while that of his opponent was held carelessly upon his shoulder, standing almost at a perpendicular! But there was no time for consideration—onward they were borne, and the weapon of the Lord John seemed already in the heart of his adversary, who suddenly fell forward and then was dashed violently to the earth, while Beaumont rode to the other end of the lists and dismounted. A crowd of heralds and pursuivants instantly gathered around the prostrate champion; and it was with the greatest difficulty that the men-at-arms could prevent the lists from being broken in by the mob. As the fallen Knight showed no sign of life his vizor was removed, and the marble-pale features of a lovely woman were exposed to view. Exclamations of astonishment and wonder burst from all present, while some proceeded to unfasten and displace the helmet, when a profuse mass of jetty ringlets were loosed to the wind. By this time Beaujeu and De Courterelles arrived on the spot, when the former raising his hands aloft, exclaimed in the accents of agony, "My God! My daughter—my poor murdered girl!" and went reeling to the ground. Sir William spoke not a word, but taking the lifeless form in his arms as if it had been that of a child, he bore it apart from the throng, and used every means in his power to restore animation; for the Lady Louise had received no apparent wound, and not a drop of blood was visible. While thus engaged, De Courterelles discovered his own miniature suspended from her neck by a chain of gold, which, as he could form no idea how it came in her possession, if possible increased the surprise he already felt, at the mystery that hung over the past. The Earl having recovered from his swoon by the help of some of the bystanders, now approached, and at that moment the Lady Louise opened her eyes, and there was a happy meeting! Beaujeu clasped her franticly to his heart, forgetful alike of the past and the present in his sudden and tumultuous joy. The knight of Courterelles gazed upon the scene, with indescribable feelings, the while unconscious of all else but his love and his Louise. But Louise—what was she now! and the thought of what she might be—nay, of what she probably was, made him shudder. And then he blushed to find himself thinking on such a subject at such a time.

"Is he dead," asked the lady Louise, as soon as she had recovered sufficiently to speak.

"Who dead!" said Beaujeu in surprise.

"Beaumont," was the impatient reply.

"Alas! rash girl, she is certainly beside herself," said her father, mournfully; "my poor lost child!"

"I fear so," returned de Courterelles, with a slight tremor in his voice.

"Ye fear me lost!" said the lady Louise, scornfully. "Yes, and well I might have been, had I trusted to a craven Knight for my deliverance. I pray you, Sir William de Courterelles begone from my sight, and degrade me not with your miserable pity!" So saying she tore his miniature from her neck and threw it at his feet in contempt. Stung to the quick by her reproaches, which he somehow felt to be just, he took up the picture, and walked sullenly away from the group that had witnessed his degradation, more perfectly miserable than he had ever been before.

"My father, I ask again, is de Beaumont slain?" she said at length.

"Thou art wild, my daughter," replied Beaujeu. "The Lord John rode away and dismounted as if nothing had happened, and the only wonder is that you escaped the death you dared so madly."

She regarded him a moment with a look of disappointment and doubt, when a herald standing by, said solemnly,

"You mistake, noble sir; the Lord de Beaumont is some minutes dead."

At this announcement every countenance except that of the Lady Louise, wore an expression of wonder. It was quite true, however, for with her light weapon poised upon the steel plate on her shoulder, the dauntless girl had ridden till within a yard of the Knight's lance, when dropping dexterously low, and clinging with her left arm to the neck of her steed, it passed harmless over her head; while her own, being thus brought into a horizontal position, was buried deep in his bosom, close to which it was broken off. The point having struck the bone, the shock had been so great that she was unhorsed by it, while by the stronger and heavier form of Beaumont it was scarcely felt. He knew, however, that he was severely wounded, and upon dismounting immediately called for a surgeon, but every effort to extract the lance head was vain, and soon after he sunk weak and speechless into the arms of the attendants, when being informed by whose hand he had fallen, a shudder ran through his frame, and he instantly expired.

The Lady Louise arose, and holding her clasped hands toward heaven, said in a voice fervent and tremulous with emotion,

"My God! if it be not wicked, I thank thee for this! And thou, my Adele—my best, my beautiful! sleep now in quiet, for my vow is well redeemed!"

Then having covered her head with a white scarf, twined about in the form of a turban, which left her raven and disheveled tresses to flow freely down her neck and shoulders, she ordered her steed to be brought, and insisted upon riding from the lists, which she did, accompanied by her father, and followed by Sir William.

The effect which these incidents produced upon the spectators, high and low, male and female, was indescribable; and as the fair but fearful girl, of whose character and conduct a thousand distorted rumors and wild conjectures were by this time in circulation, emerged from the gate, the crowd silently and with feelings of awe, made way, and she passed among them, as if unconscious of all around her. Many were the fierce glances from the friends of the deceased lord, that she met with a look of careless defiance, and many the expressions of horror and disgust at her savage and unlady-like actions that fell upon an ear insensible to the voice of censure; but the parent felt them all too keenly.

Not many hours elapsed before the earl, his daughter, and the Knight of Courterelles were on shipboard, and sailing for the coast of France—the latter, though scornfully discarded, still lingering near the Lady Louise, with an inexpressible longing to hear a solution of the mystery in which her past history was involved, ere leaving her forever. As soon as they were fairly out at sea, the earl, whose impatience transcended all bounds, requested his daughter to give him an explanation of the scene he had witnessed, and the circumstances that led to it. She consented, and as they walked the deck by moonlight, without deigning to recognize Sir William, who leaned pensively against the tafrail, she spoke as follows:

You know, my dear father, that from my earliest childhood I have been of a wild and untractable disposition—at least you have always said so, though I never found any difficulty in obeying my mother while she lived, for she was so mild and gentle that I could never have forgiven myself for causing her pain. But while I have loved you, my father, quite as well, something—perhaps it is the very similitude of our tempers, has ever been an insuperable bar to our peace with one another. The more immediate cause of our disagreement, I am aware, was William de Courterelles, in the companionship of whom, and my maid Adele, I passed a happy childhood, for in spite of my sometimes almost unbearable caprice and haughtiness, I think they loved me much, and though they were quite as dear to me, such was my pride and love of sway, that I made them both the veriest slaves to my will, and the only means by which William was enabled at all to control my overbearing, was to treat me with coldness, and pretend that he loved Adele best. At an early age, my passion to hear related, tales of illustrious deeds, and my admiration for those who performed them, became almost morbid, and I often lamented that it should not have been my fate to bear the banner of knighthood on the field of battle. At my request William taught me the use of the small sword, in which I soon became quite his equal in point of dexterity, and this I continued to practise long after we were separated. Wild and reckless as I was, when the war broke out between France and England, and you, my father, were put in command of Mortague, I really wished that the town might be attacked, merely for the novelty and excitement of the thing, and that I might witness some of those glorious actions, of which, as yet, I had only heard in the minstrels lays. By this time the William of my girlhood's love had become the renowned Sir William de Courterelles, whose war-cry was the chorus of many a song that spoke of knightly prowess—and as such I adored him. Under what circumstances he was forbidden your halls, I need not say; nor yet that all your endeavors to make me forget him, but served to render my passion, if possible, still stronger, for I now felt that he was not only worthy, but wronged.

One day I was in my own room with Adele, trying for the sake of the amusement to teach her fencing with swords we had taken from the armory, when becoming vexed at her awkwardness and timidity, I turned to the door, saying that we would return the weapons to their places; but in passing out I thoughtlessly struck the point of mine into the crevice of the wall, upon which the inside of the door casing flew open so suddenly that it startled me, while Adele screamed aloud. I soon recovered from my fright, and on examination I found that this was a secret door which led through the hollow wall down a narrow flight of steps as far as the eye could penetrate into total darkness. Thinking this an excellent chance for an adventure, I enjoined secrecy upon Adele, and leaving her to watch, with orders to close the passage if any one should approach, I procured a lighted taper, and then, with great difficulty, induced her to follow me down the subterranean staircase. Having entered, closed the door behind us, and descended some distance, we arrived at a level arched way, and passing along it for a minute we discovered another, which formed a junction on the left, with that we were in. We continued straight forward, however, till Adeli, trembling with terror, positively refused to proceed further, and I had begun to grow fearful myself when we came to the foot of another flight of stairs. These we ascended, and raising a small trap-door, immediately found ourselves in the chapel of St. Mary. In our return we followed the other branch of the arched passage and emerged by a door similar to that we had first entered into the main hall of the palace.

Shortly after this it was that the Hainaulters made their attack upon Mortague, and such was my longing to witness the battle that putting on the light armor of a page, with the assistance of Adeli, whom I vainly solicited to accompany me, I went through the subterranean way, for I knew I should be detected in any attempt to pass the palace gate, and arriving in the church, I found the doors closed and locked, but the key was in the postern, and opening it, I fortunately arrived at the gate you were defending in time to save you. When the combat was decided I returned as I came, thus leaving no trace by which I could be discovered.

I rightly guessed from the conduct of Beaumont, as well as other circumstances, that there would be another assault, and for the sake of the adventure, I appeared to you again that night, as you know, and after dropping the note I had written; I adopted a stratagem to turn your eyes from me, and then closed the door with all my might, in order to frighten you and prevent pursuit before I could gain the secret door in the great hall, where Adeli was awaiting me with a light. With the intention of thus amusing myself at your expense, I that night fixed some thin pieces of reed into the mouth of my mask, so that by speaking forcibly or not, I could bring my voice to almost any modulation, and of what transpired in the town on the succeeding day this is sufficient explanation. In passing along the street I had looked up to my own window with the expectation of seeing Adele there, but what was my surprise at beholding instead, Beaumont himself! On my return I entered noiselessly by the secret door, and of what then happened he has told you, except that he droppped a miniature upon the floor as he went out,—and that was the miniature of De Courterelles, for I told you a falsehood with regard to this.

That night you confined me in my room, which, of course, was equivalent to no confinement at all, yet I was very angry, and determined to fly to Sir William; but I could not conceive how his miniature came in the possession of an English knight, and concluding that Beaumont knew something of him, I sent Adele who was most of the time with me, to the Lord John to make enquiries, and in this way I learned that Sir William was a prisoner in the English camp, and that at his capture he had been robbed of this picture, which I thought probable, was by him intended for me. I cannot describe to you with what wild, joyous delight my heart bounded when I conceived the design of liberating him, and saw the means in my power, but this I did. I went myself to Beaumont, and offered him his freedom on condition that he would pledge his word as a knight to conduct me and Adele safely to Courterelles at Tournay, and then procure his release and a safe passport to the French lines. To this offer he gladly acceded, but before leaving you, my dear father, I went to you once again in the dress of a page, and gave you a note, stating that Sir William was about to be married, in the hope that you might be disposed to relent; but you minded it not. My resolve was now fixed, but the great trouble that remained to be surmounted was the fear of Adele, whom, by the merest possibility, I, as it were, compelled to attend me on my mad journey, against which she in vain urged a presentiment of evil. Every thing being prepared, the Lord de Beaumont, Adele and myself, one evening passed through the secret vault into the church, and out at the postern, when we soon succeeded in effecting our escape from the city. We proceeded first to Saint Arnaud, which had now fallen into the hands of the Earl of Hainault, and where Beaumont procured a conveyance that soon brought us to Tournay. When we had arrived, I requested to visit Sir William immediately, but what was my disappointment and alarm when the Lord John told me that as he intended to keep me for himself it would be impossible for me to see De Courterelles, whom he would liberate soon! I was confined in a small apartment, all access to which was strictly guarded by a fierce man-at-arms, whose language I could not understand, and the only comfort that was allowed me was the society of my sweet Adele, whose kind and sympathetic attendance to this my misfortune, made her still more dear to me, though I had ever loved her as a sister. I made several desperate attempts to escape, but as I could not bear the thought of leaving her, I was prevented at each time, while I was incessantly persecuted with visits from Beaumont, who sending Adele out of the chamber, treated me so abusively that I threatened to kill myself, when he desisted for a few days from his annoyance. In the mean while I endeavored to convey intelligence of my situation to Sir William, but Adele, who was willing to undertake any service for me, however dangerous, was constantly watched. But one afternoon Beaumont came and informed me that Sir William was already gone, and that there was no possible chance remaining of my being able to elude his power, which so shocked me that I could not say a word, but only weep, while Adeli appeared to feel no less grief than myself. He went away at length, saying that he would return again at ten o'clock that night. When he had gone I threw myself upon the bed and wept in an agony of despair, for I saw that there was no hope, and thus I lay for hours, while Adele, who never once reproached me with being the cause of my own and her sorrows, did all the little in her power to soothe me. At length she proposed that we should exchange dresses, and that I should thus pass the guard and escape, leaving her to her fate. This generous offer from the injured yet devoted girl called forth a fresh flow of tears; but as anything was preferable to the horrid fate that threatened me, selfish wretch that I was! I accepted it. But ere we parted I hung upon her neck and wept, and kissed her and bade adieu—then turned again and wept, while it seemed my heart would burst. I never knew till then that the gentle Adeli had courage, but when she saw me likely to regain my liberty, she became calm, and only urged me to depart. Pressing her to my bosom once more, I vowed never to rest until she were free, and then turning away, I passed the sentinel without awakening suspicion, and stood in the open air. It was nearly dark, but on proceeding a few steps from the house, I discovered a horse ready saddled as if for a knight, which having unfastened, I mounted and rode away in the direction of Mortague. I had not gone more than half a mile, when a sense of my utter loneliness without Adele, as well as my ingratitude in leaving her, completely overpowered me, and riding into a small wood by the way side, and dismounting, I tied my horse to a tree. I then walked to a poor cottage near at hand, which I found to be inhabited alone by a kind-hearted old Frenchwoman, whose husband had fallen in battle, when informing her of my situation I offered her a piece of gold if she would go immediately to the house which I described, and bring me tidings of Adele, promising farther a large sum should she succeed in bringing her thither. She cheerfully complied, saying that her daughter was a servant in the house I mentioned, and after directing me where to conceal myself in case of pursuit, she departed. When she had been absent a little more than two hours, during which I did not cease to weep, she returned with tears in her eyes to say that when the English lord found how I had escaped, he was greatly enraged, and treated the poor girl so brutally that she was dead! I instantly ceased to weep, and taking the good woman by the hand, asked if she were sure that what she had told me was true. "Alas! yes," she replied, "I saw her as she lay, beautiful, and pale—and lifeless!"

Bidding her a good night, I walked out beneath the open sky and clustering stars, and kneeling on the green turf forgetful that I was but a weak woman, I swore by the God of Heaven to avenge my faithful friend, or perish; and returning to my horse I proceeded toward Mortague, where I arrived on the following morning, terribly wearied. Leaving my good steed at a short distance from the town, I entered it with the market people, and went directly to where I had left the key of the church postern, by means of which I once more found myself in what had been my own room in the palace. Everything was as I had left it—even the door was locked—and the apartment appeared to have been left undisturbed, as a monument sacred to grief. There was on the bed the very indentation made by the form of Adele, as she lay weeping an adieu to the home she loved,—and oh! the world of inconceivable woe—the mountain-weight of agony that bowed me down, when I reflected that my madness had murdered her! In my frenzy I kissed the floor she had hallowed by her tread, and knelt and worshipped her with all the fervor of adoration, then sinking upon the pillow her innocent cheek had pressed, while my bosom burned with anguish that forbade the tears to flow. I writhed beneath my torture, till exhausted nature gave way and I sunk into unquiet slumber. My dreams were terribly vivid, and methought that Adele came and folded her icy arms about me with a look of utter sorrow that wrung my soul within me. Oh! well, my father, was my wilfulness and disobedience humbled and punished!

I dared not look you in the face after what had happened, so taking what jewels and gold I had left, and putting on my page's armor, I returned to my horse, and rode into the French territories. Several times I narrowly escaped being taken by parties of English and Germans, but at last I reached the camp of De Courterelles, and gave him a note signed with my own name, of which he has probably told you. So great was my grief that even my love for him had yielded place to it, and I left him without a sigh for a more peaceable part of the country where, stopping with a poor widow, I remained for six months, never appearing abroad except in mask, and with no amusement but the exercise of the lance, which I continually practised. The widow thought me insane, which perhaps, was true enough, but I paid her well, and she kept my secret. Finally I left her, and since that time I had vainly pursued Beaumont through Germany, and at last I followed him to England, with a burning thirst for vengeance that never slumbered, for the form of the murdered Adele haunted me night and day. I knew he would be present at the tournament, and repairing thither, I watched until I saw him enter the lists, when going to the heralds who kept the entrance, I gave a feigned name, and desired to be admitted, saying that my squire had fallen sick and that I had consequently come alone. Struck with my strange appearance they refused at first, but I bribed them with all my jewels, and was allowed to pass. The rest you know. I thought I could easily avoid Beaumont's lance, and with mine, the point of which was purposely made slender, I intended to strike him in the face between the bars of his vizor, but when this was raised, I gave him a blow with the intention of provoking him to attack me with his face bare, and when he threw off his armor, I did the same with mine, which was but slightly fastened, for I felt that he was already dead. God gave me strength, and the murderer met just retribution—woman he wronged, and by a woman's hand he fell." "But, alas! my sweet Adele—my sister," she added, bursting into tears, "alas! my noble minded and my true!—thou art but poorly avenged!"

The earl folded his rash but still lovely daughter passionately in his arms, and soothed her as best he could. Sir William now approached, and kneeling at her feet, said, with emotion,

"Fair lady, if I have in aught unknowingly done more or less than my duty, forgive me; remembering I ought have done as your cousin had I known that you needed assistance but before God I was ignorant of it."

"Sir knight," she coldly replied, "I was wrong to call you craven; but I have heared the anger of my noble father, and do forgive the slur from the Church of St. Mary, while lovely maidens screwed their way with fewers, and the grateful citizens rent the air with acclamations of "Long live the Phanism Page!"

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 2, 1843.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late numbers gratis.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIFTY DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For THIRTY DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The answer to the last enigma published in this paper is "Widow Joseph Dowse."

If "Tom" wants the evil, of which he complains, corrected, he must apply to the authorities. It is their duty to supply the remedy—it is not ours to fight the private battles of our correspondents, and remove all the subjects of interference, while they remain perfect and decree all the blame.

Jerome's proposition is handsome enough—for him it cannot however be entertained,—by us.

"Ida" should ask his mother—if she have a maternal relation. She probably is, in her case, loss—"proposed to" is a word to be shunned. If it were necessary to the turn—true syntax—quote the sentence.

A beautiful bit of verse from an old correspondent, put in type for this week's paper was unavoidably laid over.

"Asteriscus" is unadmissible. He may shine in the Comic Sun—he cannot in the Saturday Post.

THE PRIZES AWARDED.

The Committee to whose decision was submitted the contest of the $500, met on the 1st. Prizes offered by the publishers of the United States Saturday Post, after a long and laborious examination of the multitude of articles, have handed in their decision.

The Committee, it will be remembered, consisted of

HON. R. T. CONRAD.
J. K. MITCHELL, M. D.
JOSEPH C. NEAL, ESQ.

The following is the decision of the Committee. The names of the writers were withheld from them.

The prize of $150 for the best Revolutionary Story is awarded to "MARIE DUPONCEAU, a LEGEND OF THE REVOLUTION."

The author of the story we find, is WILLIAM HENRY HERBERT, *author of the popular novels of* "KOSCIUSKO IN THE MOUNTAINS," "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," etc., and we have no doubt that "MARIE DUPONCEAU" will maintain his high reputation as a writer, and be a rich treat to the readers of the Post.

The highest prize of $100, for the best Domestic Story, was awarded to "MARMION AND MERRY, OR WOMAN'S CHOICE," written by "F. E. F.," author of "THE MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE," a lady of New York, well known as one of the best domestic tale writers of the day. Just who, very unwisely, we think, declines giving her name to the public.

ARLINGTON HOUSE, written by *Miss Elizabeth* Regnet, of New York, received the third prize of $75.

To "THE HERMIT, *a Story of the Heart*," written by our townsman, Robert Morris, Esq. was awarded the fourth prize of $50.

"GEORGINA HAZLETON, *or the Splendid Match*," written by Mrs. Frances Sargent Osgood, received the fifth prize, of $25.

The very large number of competitors, of the first rank as writers, rendered the duties of the committee exceedingly difficult, as well as onerous and even those who have failed in getting the prizes, will find themselves in most excellent company. We had no idea of having anything like the number of competitors, but as this establishment is known to do what it promises, the utmost reliance was placed on the issue of the transaction.

In our next, we shall commence the story of Mr Herbert. We shall continue the original publication of the prize stories, until they are finished.

We append the following note from the Committee:

N. B. PATTERSON & CO.,

The Committee to whom was assigned the examination of the prizes offered by the proprietors of the UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, after a full and careful examination of the large number of published stories, have made the following award. The first prize of $150 for the best Tale of the American Revolution, is awarded to the author of "*Marie Duponceau*."

The second, of $100, for the best Domestic Story, to the author of "Masters and Men, or a Woman's Choice."

The third, of $75, for the second best Domestic Story, to the author of "Arlington House."

The fourth, of $50, for the third best Domestic Story, to the author of "The Heiress, a Story of the Heart."

The fifth, of $25, for the fourth best Domestic Story, to the author of "Georgina Hazelton, or the Splendid Match."

Many other stories submitted exhibit a creditable degree of talent, and that fact rendered the duties of the Committee more arduous and difficult; but in no instance have the above essentials in issued upon a contest, and certainly a candid, review and comparison of the productions offered for our examination.

J. K. MITCHELL,
JOS. C. NEAL,
R. T. CONRAD.

Philada. Nov. 29, 1843.

It has been suggested by some of our friends that the Posts have scarcely been treated fairly, and that as poetry is a higher walk of literature than prose, a poem should have been included in the prizes. We shall at some rectify the blunder.

MORE PRIZES.

TO BE HANDED TO BE FORTHWITH SOME 1844.

We now offer for the best Poem of two hundred lines or less, the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

For the best poem of one hundred lines or less, the sum of fifty dollars.

For the second best shorter poem, twenty-five dollars.

The poems to be submitted to the committee must be delivered at 98 Chesnut street, before the first day of February, 1844.

We have now, no intention in saying, that the United States Saturday Post, for the coming year, will be the most brilliant work in the country. *The highest order of literary matter will grace its columns, both prose and poetry, from the pens of American writers.* The Editor's *correspondence from abroad*—a full and complete history of political affairs at Washington, the coming Session, and the letters of our correspondents at the day, will be found weekly in its columns.

Every thing that a newspaper ought to be, and can be made, with the expenditure of capital, and the employment of talent and taste, the United States Saturday Post will be for the winter of 1843 and 44.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The Post will be found this week crowded with matters of interest. The approach of the time for the meeting of Congress always gives activity to political speculation, and to questions or objects of national importance, which, during the recess are naturally permitted to slumber. The excitement of last week's fish-ing has subsided, and the public mind is again to be one of the most protracted, and perhaps one of the most exciting in the history of the country. The uncertainties of the future will be sure will come up, either by the President's calling attention to it in his message, or by the initiative of some of the members of Congress. The discussion of this matter will, of course, involve the topic which of all others has proved, of late years, the subject most exciting.

If this were the second session of the present Congress, speculation as to the probable future action of the members would be aided by their past votes; but out of the two hundred and twelve Representatives, about one hundred and sixty are new men who were not in the last Congress—a greater change, it has been remarked, than has taken place before, since 1816. There are eleven new members in the Senate.

On the Oregon question it is pretty evident, the present and future Congresses will be more disposed to be active and decided than any past Houses have been. The new Appointment Bill gives the Western members a stronger position in the House than they have ever had before, and it is from the West that we naturally look for the expression of most earnest solicitude in Oregon.

On the Texas question, and on the Oregon, it is more than probable that more talk than action will be heard. Some—and if it were wise that will be abundance of the first, whatever there may be of the last. Let what talk will take place, however, there is no worry in the affair, we hope there will be action. We allude to the reform of the Post Office laws—a memorial on which subject will be found in our columns this day. This is a matter which involves no party considerations whatever. Reform is eminently needed, for the good of the whole people, of all parties; and politicians cannot better commend themselves to favor, than by taking care of the matter of their constituents in this plain and easily managed business.

Touching the Prize Award, the reader will find a notice in another article. The literary character of to-day's Post is such as needs no special notice on our part, to command it to the reader's attention. The first tale and all—the new north age, and the old but the better recommended for it—are displayed on our outside pages, (or, it is true, in quite as great variety as usual. But the Jughernaut of newspaper columns—the President's Message is coming; and our Prize Tales also are slated in consequence. Under these circumstances it became necessary for us to dispose of matter on hand as far as possible.

THE OREGON.

The death of the lamented Senator Linn, of Missouri, is not, after all, to leave the Oregon question without a champion in Congress. Hon. R. D. Owen, recently elected from Indiana, is to the full as energetic as was Dr. Linn. He counts that the present is our time for action, while we and the latter by because without blood shed; but that to delay and to temporize is to allow the British, through the Hudson Bay company, to lead settlement to settlement, and fort to fort, until a claim will be set up under the plea of possession.

A letter published in the Springfield (Ill.) Journal, represents that some "curious doings" are already taking place out there. The writer is Mr. William Shutes, who, since the middle of May last, Dr. McLaughlin, the British commander at Fort Vancouver, has laid out a town within the American limits, and was selling lots, giving deeds, &c." Mr. Nutton says that the British commander "warns American citizens not to settle on the Columbia." The American settlers are very much perplexed by his interference on the south side of the river. The Walloumet Indians have a steam water power, suitable for machinery. Two grist and saw mills are by this time built at that place—one owned by Dr McLaughlin, who, by means of his great wealth, is determined to break down the American settlements of the other mills. The settlers are patient, expecting the United States to protect the rights of her own citizens in her own territory.

The British opposition journals are blazing away in quite a heat, that any nation under the sun should dare to assert a claim to a tract which the British power desires; the expressions of the British fancy for a tract of country, a country which is hemispheres even, being enjoyed last with a true Briton, to the establishment of a right. It happens, however, that newspapers are not the arbiters of such matters, and that a newspaper thunder is none apt to put its tendays to sleep, that to put any body to death. Let us have sense, and that it is the government that make the country, it is hardly necessary to allude to the probability that Oregon is the secondary object of the Monopoly, the primary object with these valiant scribes.

War and bloodshed about this or any other question is unnecessary, is improper, and must be dreaded. Gunpowder is a species of argument which is going every year more and more out of fashion. Not, we hope, a single diplomacy to be wasted on this matter. It is said that the subject will be brought forward in the President's Message. If it is, we shall judge from that, and other circumstances, that approaches have already been made to an adjustment of difficulties, and that the matters and correspondence have already been in progress of the Post Office Department.

WEIR'S NATIONAL PICTURE.

At the invitation of Mr. Weir we have visited his great gallery, painted for the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, and now on exhibition at the Hall of the Artists' Fund Society in this city. The subject is the embarkation of the Pilgrims from Delft Haven in Holland, and the pathetic story is told in a manner that the artist who have seen the picture can even forget. The voyagers are represented in the act of prayer, the Rev. Mr. Robinson, the pastor of the little congregation, kneeling in the midst. Near him is Elder Brewster and wife, and on the left of the picture are Mr. and Mrs. Winslow and his lovely wife Rose. The whole is admirable, and the general effect of the picture striking and artistical. The forms of the personages who occupy the centre of the picture are especially acthes, but the introduction of warmer and gayer colors in the figures at the sides, gives the proper tone and harmony to the piece, without violating, as many ignorantly suppose, the truth of history. Nor are the details of the composition less meritorious than the general effect. There are no two figures together anywhere in the picture, which do not form a study by themselves. One of the most admirable points is the boy looking out seaward, where the rainbow appears and the ship hopes which never. The painter has powerfully expressed the ob-ternately which contemplated the path of the pilgrims, and the glorious hopes which never. Clothes tipped them on. Indeed, all the accessories are skillfully managed, each one claiming attention, but not interfering with the general effect, like strains from different instruments in an Oratorio by Handel. The subject and style of handling, Mrs. Hemans teaching her daughter to pray, the figures of Mr. and Mrs. Winslow, and the beautiful religious feeling of the whole, are instances of this skill in the composition. A striking group is made of Mr. and Mrs. Fuller. The former appears to be wholly unnerved by the trials before him, and is leaning on her husband's shoulder in the most touching manner, while he, clasping her to his bosom, lifts his face to heaven and seems praying that strength may be given him for the occasion. The whole picture is without calling attention to the admirable manner in which the artist has depicted the effect of the sunset on the distant sea-coast of Lincolnshire in the picture. From the aged Mr. Brewster to the high-bred Mrs. Winslow, all are graphically and beautifully delineated.

TEXAS AND MEXICO.

Recent arrivals bring matter of much interest from these countries. We have a little more of guess work and speculation than fact. A rumor from Mexico that Santa Ana had resigned and appointed a successor, has received admiration points in the daily papers. But this news proved, in the end, to amount to no more than, that the former had appointed a deputy while he laid aside the routine of office for a season.

In relation to Yucatan, it is said in some accounts, that the war between that State and Mexico, is to be renewed; and in others it is said that a government of peace is to be formed. Mexico, which will be accepted. The latter account seems the more probable.

From Texas we have a great deal of an alleged interference of England with the internal policy of Texas; and the Houston Telegraph does not mince matters. It says that Texas is determined in some way to possess herself of Texas, in order, through that republic, then overthrow the United States, of whatever she has rank against the Southern States. It argues, as the only remedy, that Texas must be annexed to the United States—and if it were not, it appears to be a very large party in the "Lone Star Republic" in favor of that annexation.

The Telegraph also says, in connected with the repression of English interference, that a very large fleet of American vessels is soon to be despatched to the Mexican Gulf. In the first place, our Charge to Texas has not been to Vera Cruz, nor is he going. In the second place, it is probable denied by Houston and his friends, that he has any idea of vassalage, to England, or to Mexico.

And in the third place, "English interference" is reduced to a very plain matter of shillings and pence. Certain English subjects hold Mexican bonds, grants of land, &c. amounting to some twenty millions of acres. These are dated prior to the revolution, and cover nearly all that part of the Government domain which lies West of the Colorado. The British Minister demands that these claims be either refund or satisfied.

POST OFFICE REFORM.

In New York, on Saturday, a large and most respectable meeting was convened in the Merchants' Exchange, to take into consideration the Post Office Reform. Gen. Morris, President of which would eminently serve both Department and People—the former by increasing the public revenue; and the latter by lessening individual tax. Curtis Bolton, Esq. was called to the chair. W. W. Todd and others were appointed Vice Presidents, and Robert Morris, Jr. and Peter Augustus Jay, Secretaries. Mr. Benjamin made an effective and able speech, and a memorial upon the topic was adopted. That memorial we subjoin, and trust, that on every town in the United States where a copy of the document may be found, it will sign and forward it to Washington. It needs no preface or explanation, speaking fully for itself:

To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States:

The undersigned, citizens and payers of Postage, respectfully represent:

That the Rates of Postage now imposed by the Government are exorbitant, unequal, highly objectionable, and calculated to defeat their avowed object of making the Post Office Department pay its own expenses:

That the Franking Privilege, as it is now enforced by the Executive Departments, is unjust, impolitic, and ought to be utterly abolished, except as it may be expressly granted by the Constitution, or by Acts passed in the course of the Post Office Department itself:

That the Franking Privilege, as it is now enforced by the Executive Departments, is unjust, impolitic, and ought to be utterly abolished, except as it may be expressly granted by the Constitution, or by Acts passed in the course of the Post Office Department itself:

That the present arbitrary, capricious, and excessive rates of Postage, are unjust, impolitic, and unequal in their operation; in the land, where distance is given, letter away contrary from the department, when its rates of postage are reduced to a fair and equitable scale, and of an art obliged to do if not would lose by it. We would, therefore, respectfully recommend the adoption of a single rate of one-half cent on every newspaper, periodical, or printed sheet, conveyed in the United States, and of five cents on all letters, and double that sum on each sheet exceeding one ounce in weight, and that the same be prepaid:

That the Retention of our Rates of Postage is some what limited, and probably will be, by the Report of the Committee appointed by a joint regard to National character, and the Treasury Department adverse recommendation of the Rates of the Post Office Department itself:

That the penal enactments and denunciations, by which it is sought to compel the payment of Postage in the Post Office, when their own interest and convenience dictates the propriety of such payment, are unjust, impolitic, and unworthy the character of the people, from the highest to the lowest, and ought to be abolished, and the Postage of the Post Office, by the total withdrawal of the public confidence and patronage.

A large meeting held at the Exchange, in this city, on Tuesday, was enunciated in its views with the New York Memorialists.

GERMAN REFORMED CHURCH.

In the Baltimore American we find a fuller account of the Synod of the German Reformed Church, which we have before noted. Let us have a speedy settlement—but we find seeds below. The Synod of the German Reformed Church, about a year ago, determined to make a visit to Europe, and the Rev. Dr. Krummacher, of Elberfeld, in Prussia, to take charge of a Professorship in the Theological Seminary at Mercersburg. He was duly appointed Dr. Hoffeditz and Mr. Schneck, two devines, for the purpose of conveying their wishes to him. Messrs. Hoffeditz and Schneck have recently returned, and report, that they were unable to procure the services of Dr. Krummacher, but were successful in procuring on another gentleman, of great learning and ability, to accept the appointment. This person is Dr. Philip Schaf, at present a professor in the University at Berlin. It is said that he combines in himself, in a rare degree, all the qualifications that are requisite for the station he is to fill in this country, which is that of Professor of the Hebrew Language, and Biblical Literature. The delegation went on from Mercersburg, and repeated interviews with the King of Prussia, at his own request. He is himself attached to the German Reformed Church; and besides treating the delegates with great civility, has himself much interest in the affairs of the church. As a proof of his feelings in this respect, he ordered his secretary of Finances to attend the Messrs. Hoffeditz and Schneck, for the use of the Seminary at Mercersburg, the sum of *fifteen hundred dollars*. This will be gladly received by several of the ladies.

In the town, in which packet he sailed, he had for companions, among the twenty-two cabin passengers, the following gentlemen: Robert Wickliffe, *Jr.*, Charge d'Affaires to Lisbon, Commodore A. Bigelow and Lt. H. W. Hadine, U. S. Navy, Dr. John T. Metcalf, Natchez, and Rev. H. L. Steele.

A FORMIDABLE BATTERY.

The New York Sun states that a most formidable floating battery is about to be constructed for the defence of that city. For the purpose of building the battery, a basin or cofferdam is now in preparation at Sackett, the location of which is to be 300 feet by 200.

In this basin is to be built a new and powerful STEAM FLOATING BATTERY, which will be capable of being towed to any part of the harbor, and capable of being stationed with great ease and celerity. The battery, when finished, will not be the least of its good qualities. It is to be built of iron, and will be bomb proof. The hull, which will consist of a double bottom, with numerous bulk and bow partitions, and the interior movements will enable the commander to take advantage of any casualties that may occur.

The ground-work will be heavy, but the light draught of water will enable it to approach within a short distance of the shore, or fairly aground. Should the outer dam will be dug away, and the thing of life will move out of its dock, not shewing the least means whereby it moves, and without a single person being seen about it, while in reality a powerful steam engine is at work within, and twelve guns or more are safely concealed there, ready to deal out death and destruction upon any enemy alongside or near it.

The cost of perfecting this fearful engine of war will probably exceed three quarters of a million of dollars. The whole undertaking has been planned by an officer of the United States navy, Robert L. Stevens, under whose immediate superintendence it is being carried out. Mr. Corwin, the celebrated dock builder, is engaged with the contract for the dock and the piers. Machine shops of brick will be constructed alongside of the dam, where all the requisite machinery will be made. It is expected, and placed on board by means of a circular railway, in the course of a year. The vessel will be completed in two or three years; but the point is, that it is intended that the mode of constructing this powerful engine of death shall be kept strictly private.

THE PRINCETON.

This beautiful steamer has for several days been moored in the Delaware below Market street wharf; and crowds of our citizens have availed themselves of the opportunity to visit a vessel so elegant in all the finish, as well as efficient in her build and machinery. Abroad she will be the pride of American Architecture and the pride of Yankee ingenuity. She is an elegant witness to the taste of Captain Stockton, under whose eye she was built; as well as to the efficiency of Messrs. Ericsson and Stevens, with which she is furnished. The armament, not yet on board, includes two guns, capable of sending a ball weighing one hundred pounds a distance of two or three miles, with great accuracy.

We finish of the part of the vessel intended for the officers is most elegant; and the provisions for the disposal of the men are comfortable. The machinery is described as perfect in particular, model, rig, machinery, and detail of finish, one of the most perfect specimens of naval architecture afloat.

The engine-room is thoroughly lined with boiler and cast iron, and in a way, it would seem, that it would be all but impervious of fire entirely out of the question. The propeller can be put into effective operation by the agency of one man. The steamer has three boilers and six fire doors. Each furnace is 7 feet long by about 3 feet wide. She has one engine of 250 horse power, and two smaller ones to drive the blowers. Anthracite coal is used, and her coal space is capable of containing about two tons of coal. The tonnage of steam, she burns half a ton per hour.

AWFUL COLLISION AT SEA.

Captain Read, of the brig Marian Gage, at Mobile 14th ult., from New York, reports that on the 31st of October, lat. 31 10, N. Long. 70 32 W., at 8½ P. M., a heavy sea rolling, discovered a light ship about one mile on our lee bow, but not a trace of the wreck could be seen next morning. The hark was hailed two or three times without any answer or notice, and then the confusion was so great, her name was not distinctly understood. Captain Read heard the name given from the bow as the Jessie or the Vesta, but he is uncertain about it.

MICHAEL WALSH.

Every newspaper reader has heard of Michael Walsh, the New York editor, who libelled Lovell's leaked for a libel. He is a man of generous feelings—but acts from misdirected impulses, and from certain erratic, perverted notions of right and benefit to individuals and to the community, does great wrong to other individuals, and to society, before, without malice. The last number of the "Subterranean," published since his sentence contains a sketch of Mr. Webb, from which we take the following facts. He is indeed a fated family. His father, once worth $80,000, died insolvent. A son died in jail.

The children, consisting of four brothers, of whom Mike was the youngest, and a girl, were left to struggle on as best they could, after enjoying with the mother. A singular fatality attended them all. One of the brothers fell by the side of Crockett at the massacre of the Alamo. Another was shot in a duel fought across a table in the South. The third was burnt on the Ben Franklin steamer, and suffered severely in the ill-fated Lexington. (And yet God is above all.) The mother was followed, and left Michael, like Lazus, the last of his race.

A PRIZE.

As the ship Union was coming up to New York, on Monday, Mr. D. Jones, a Custom House inspector, who went down in the pilot boat, observed that one of the passengers seemed not quite at his ease. Mr. Crane was ordered to keep his eye upon him, and the boarding officer came on board, when the man was searched, and watches, jewelry and spoons to a large amount, were discovered in his pockets, and on various parts about his person. Mr. Jones, and another inspector, were also on board, and found that the man on each sheet exceeding one ounce in weight, and that the same be prepaid:

That the present arbitrary, capricious, and excessive rates of Postage, are unjust, impolitic, and unequal in their operation; in the land, where distance is given, letter away contrary from the department, when its rates of postage are reduced to a fair and equitable scale, and of an art obliged to do if not would lose by it. We would, therefore, respectfully recommend the adoption of a single rate of one-half cent on every newspaper, periodical, or printed sheet, conveyed in the United States, and of five cents on all letters, and double that sum on each sheet exceeding one ounce in weight, and that the same be prepaid:

That the Retention of our Rates of Postage is some what limited, and probably will be, by the Report of the Committee appointed by a joint regard to National character, and the Treasury Department adverse recommendation of the Rates of the Post Office Department itself:

That the penal enactments and denunciations, by which it is sought to compel the payment of Postage in the Post Office, when their own interest and convenience dictates the propriety of such payment, are unjust, impolitic, and unworthy the character of the people, from the highest to the lowest, and ought to be abolished, and the Postage of the Post Office, by the total withdrawal of the public confidence and patronage.

A large meeting held at the Exchange, in this city, on Tuesday, was enunciated in its views with the New York Memorialists.

GERMAN REFORMED CHURCH.

In the Baltimore American we find a fuller account of the Synod of the German Reformed Church, which we have before noted. Let us have a speedy settlement—but we find seeds below. The Synod of the German Reformed Church, about a year ago, determined to make a visit to Europe, and the Rev. Dr. Krummacher, of Elberfeld, in Prussia, to take charge of a Professorship in the Theological Seminary at Mercersburg. He was duly appointed Dr. Hoffeditz and Mr. Schneck, two devines, for the purpose of conveying their wishes to him. Messrs. Hoffeditz and Schneck have recently returned, and report, that they were unable to procure the services of Dr. Krummacher, but were successful in procuring on another gentleman, of great learning and ability, to accept the appointment. This person is Dr. Philip Schaf, at present a professor in the University at Berlin. It is said that he combines in himself, in a rare degree, all the qualifications that are requisite for the station he is to fill in this country, which is that of Professor of the Hebrew Language, and Biblical Literature. The delegation went on from Mercersburg, and repeated interviews with the King of Prussia, at his own request. He is himself attached to the German Reformed Church; and besides treating the delegates with great civility, has himself much interest in the affairs of the church. As a proof of his feelings in this respect, he ordered his secretary of Finances to attend the Messrs. Hoffeditz and Schneck, for the use of the Seminary at Mercersburg, the sum of *fifteen hundred dollars*. This will be gladly received by several of the ladies.

In the town, in which packet he sailed, he had for companions, among the twenty-two cabin passengers, the following gentlemen: Robert Wickliffe, *Jr.*, Charge d'Affaires to Lisbon, Commodore A. Bigelow and Lt. H. W. Hadine, U. S. Navy, Dr. John T. Metcalf, Natchez, and Rev. H. L. Steele.

A FORMIDABLE BATTERY.

The New York Sun states that a most formidable floating battery is about to be constructed for the defence of that city. For the purpose of building the battery, a basin or cofferdam is now in preparation at Sackett, the location of which is to be 300 feet by 200.

In this basin is to be built a new and powerful STEAM FLOATING BATTERY, which will be capable of being towed to any part of the harbor, and capable of being stationed with great ease and celerity. The battery, when finished, will not be the least of its good qualities. It is to be built of iron, and will be bomb proof. The hull, which will consist of a double bottom, with numerous bulk and bow partitions, and the interior movements will enable the commander to take advantage of any casualties that may occur.

The ground-work will be heavy, but the light draught of water will enable it to approach within a short distance of the shore, or fairly aground. Should the outer dam will be dug away, and the thing of life will move out of its dock, not shewing the least means whereby it moves, and without a single person being seen about it, while in reality a powerful steam engine is at work within, and twelve guns or more are safely concealed there, ready to deal out death and destruction upon any enemy alongside or near it.

The cost of perfecting this fearful engine of war will probably exceed three quarters of a million of dollars. The whole undertaking has been planned by an officer of the United States navy, Robert L. Stevens, under whose immediate superintendence it is being carried out. Mr. Corwin, the celebrated dock builder, is engaged with the contract for the dock and the piers. Machine shops of brick will be constructed alongside of the dam, where all the requisite machinery will be made. It is expected, and placed on board by means of a circular railway, in the course of a year. The vessel will be completed in two or three years; but the point is, that it is intended that the mode of constructing this powerful engine of death shall be kept strictly private.

THE PRINCETON.

This beautiful steamer has for several days been moored in the Delaware below Market street wharf; and crowds of our citizens have availed themselves of the opportunity to visit a vessel so elegant in all the finish, as well as efficient in her build and machinery. Abroad she will be the pride of American Architecture and the pride of Yankee ingenuity. She is an elegant witness to the taste of Captain Stockton, under whose eye she was built; as well as to the efficiency of Messrs. Ericsson and Stevens, with which she is furnished. The armament, not yet on board, includes two guns, capable of sending a ball weighing one hundred pounds a distance of two or three miles, with great accuracy.

We finish of the part of the vessel intended for the officers is most elegant; and the provisions for the disposal of the men are comfortable. The machinery is described as perfect in particular, model, rig, machinery, and detail of finish, one of the most perfect specimens of naval architecture afloat.

The engine-room is thoroughly lined with boiler and cast iron, and in a way, it would seem, that it would be all but impervious of fire entirely out of the question. The propeller can be put into effective operation by the agency of one man. The steamer has three boilers and six fire doors. Each furnace is 7 feet long by about 3 feet wide. She has one engine of 250 horse power, and two smaller ones to drive the blowers. Anthracite coal is used, and her coal space is capable of containing about two tons of coal. The tonnage of steam, she burns half a ton per hour.

AWFUL COLLISION AT SEA.

Captain Read, of the brig Marian Gage, at Mobile 14th ult., from New York, reports that on the 31st of October, lat. 31 10, N. Long. 70 32 W., at 8½ P. M., a heavy sea rolling, discovered a light ship about one mile on our lee bow, but not a trace of the wreck could be seen next morning. The hark was hailed two or three times without any answer or notice, and then the confusion was so great, her name was not distinctly understood. Captain Read heard the name given from the bow as the Jessie or the Vesta, but he is uncertain about it.

MICHAEL WALSH.

Every newspaper reader has heard of Michael Walsh, the New York editor, who libelled Lovell's leaked for a libel. He is a man of generous feelings—but acts from misdirected impulses, and from certain erratic, perverted notions of right and benefit to individuals and to the community, does great wrong to other individuals, and to society, before, without malice. The last number of the "Subterranean," published since his sentence contains a sketch of Mr. Webb, from which we take the following facts. He is indeed a fated family. His father, once worth $80,000, died insolvent. A son died in jail.

The children, consisting of four brothers, of whom Mike was the youngest, and a girl, were left to struggle on as best they could, after enjoying with the mother. A singular fatality attended them all. One of the brothers fell by the side of Crockett at the massacre of the Alamo. Another was shot in a duel fought across a table in the South. The third was burnt on the Ben Franklin steamer, and suffered severely in the ill-fated Lexington. (And yet God is above all.) The mother was followed, and left Michael, like Lazus, the last of his race.

A PRIZE.

As the ship Union was coming up to New York, on Monday, Mr. D. Jones, a Custom House inspector, who went down in the pilot boat, observed that one of the passengers seemed not quite at his ease. Mr. Crane was ordered to keep his eye upon him, and the boarding officer came on board, when the man was searched, and watches, jewelry and spoons to a large amount, were discovered in his pockets, and on various parts about his person. Mr. Jones, and another inspector, were also on board, and found that the man on each sheet exceeding one ounce in weight, and that the same be prepaid:

That the present arbitrary, capricious, and excessive rates of Postage, are unjust, impolitic, and unequal in their operation; in the land, where distance is given, letter away contrary from the department, when its rates of postage are reduced to a fair and equitable scale, and of an art obliged to do if not would lose by it. We would, therefore, respectfully recommend the adoption of a single rate of one-half cent on every newspaper, periodical, or printed sheet, conveyed in the United States, and of five cents on all letters, and double that sum on each sheet exceeding one ounce in weight, and that the same be prepaid:

That the Retention of our Rates of Postage is some what limited, and probably will be, by the Report of the Committee appointed by a joint regard to National character, and the Treasury Department adverse recommendation of the Rates of the Post Office Department itself:

That the penal enactments and denunciations, by which it is sought to compel the payment of Postage in the Post Office, when their own interest and convenience dictates the propriety of such payment, are unjust, impolitic, and unworthy the character of the people, from the highest to the lowest, and ought to be abolished, and the Postage of the Post Office, by the total withdrawal of the public confidence and patronage.

A large meeting held at the Exchange, in this city, on Tuesday, was enunciated in its views with the New York Memorialists.

GERMAN REFORMED CHURCH.

In the Baltimore American we find a fuller account of the Synod of the German Reformed Church, which we have before noted. Let us have a speedy settlement—but we find seeds below. The Synod of the German Reformed Church, about a year ago, determined to make a visit to Europe, and the Rev. Dr. Krummacher, of Elberfeld, in Prussia, to take charge of a Professorship in the Theological Seminary at Mercersburg. He was duly appointed Dr. Hoffeditz and Mr. Schneck, two devines, for the purpose of conveying their wishes to him. Messrs. Hoffeditz and Schneck have recently returned, and report, that they were unable to procure the services of Dr. Krummacher, but were successful in procuring on another gentleman, of great learning and ability, to accept the appointment. This person is Dr. Philip Schaf, at present a professor in the University at Berlin. It is said that he combines in himself, in a rare degree, all the qualifications that are requisite for the station he is to fill in this country, which is that of Professor of the Hebrew Language, and Biblical Literature. The delegation went on from Mercersburg, and repeated interviews with the King of Prussia, at his own request. He is himself attached to the German Reformed Church; and besides treating the delegates with great civility, has himself much interest in the affairs of the church. As a proof of his feelings in this respect, he ordered his secretary of Finances to attend the Messrs. Hoffeditz and Schneck, for the use of the Seminary at Mercersburg, the sum of *fifteen hundred dollars*. This will be gladly received by several of the ladies.

In the town, in which packet he sailed, he had for companions, among the twenty-two cabin passengers, the following gentlemen: Robert Wickliffe, *Jr.*, Charge d'Affaires to Lisbon, Commodore A. Bigelow and Lt. H. W. Hadine, U. S. Navy, Dr. John T. Metcalf, Natchez, and Rev. H. L. Steele.

OLE BULL.

Among recent arrivals in this country is a Norwegian, Ole Bull, who, it is stated, performs miracles of music on the violin. He is under quite a sensation in New York.

We see in the New York Courier and Enquirer, that M. Vieuxtemps, the violinist, arrived on Friday week, in the Liverpool packet ship Montezuma, and will give a concert in this city, forthwith, in spite of his old name, is also a young man—full, fair and moustached, and with a pretty wife. After a few days' rest, he comes in visits playing. M. Hauman, it is said, is also much expected at New York, and this season will be a busy one for the lovers of music, as it promises the four acknowledged greatest violinists in the world.

CHINESE PLANTS.

A British Horticultural Society has sent an agent to China—Mr. Fortune. It is stated in the London Gardener's Chronicle that Mr. Fortune's mission is rewarding handsomely, and he has every where been received with kindness and attention; the difficulty of intercourse with the Chinese is rapidly decreasing. Mr. Fortune had hired boats, and loaded on the islands near Macao, and on the mainland of Canton, specimens of plants, many of which were been unsuspected or inconvenienced; and was preparing for a visit to the northern provinces. The plants being carried out by Mr. Curwin, the celebrated dock builder, is engaged with the contract for the dock and the piers. Machine shops of brick will be constructed alongside of the dam, where all the requisite machinery will be made. It is expected, and placed on board by means of a circular railway, in the course of a year. The vessel will be completed in two or three years; but the point is, that it is intended that the mode of constructing this powerful engine of death shall be kept strictly private.

THE PRINCETON.

This beautiful steamer has for several days been moored in the Delaware below Market street wharf; and crowds of our citizens have availed themselves of the opportunity to visit a vessel so elegant in all the finish, as well as efficient in her build and machinery. Abroad she will be the pride of American Architecture and the pride of Yankee ingenuity. She is an elegant witness to the taste of Captain Stockton, under whose eye she was built; as well as to the efficiency of Messrs. Ericsson and Stevens, with which she is furnished. The armament, not yet on board, includes two guns, capable of sending a ball weighing one hundred pounds a distance of two or three miles, with great accuracy.

We finish of the part of the vessel intended for the officers is most elegant; and the provisions for the disposal of the men are comfortable. The machinery is described as perfect in particular, model, rig, machinery, and detail of finish, one of the most perfect specimens of naval architecture afloat.

The engine-room is thoroughly lined with boiler and cast iron, and in a way, it would seem, that it would be all but impervious of fire entirely out of the question. The propeller can be put into effective operation by the agency of one man. The steamer has three boilers and six fire doors. Each furnace is 7 feet long by about 3 feet wide. She has one engine of 250 horse power, and two smaller ones to drive the blowers. Anthracite coal is used, and her coal space is capable of containing about two tons of coal. The tonnage of steam, she burns half a ton per hour.

AWFUL COLLISION AT SEA.

Captain Read, of the brig Marian Gage, at Mobile 14th ult., from New York, reports that on the 31st of October, lat. 31 10, N. Long. 70 32 W., at 8½ P. M., a heavy sea rolling, discovered a light ship about one mile on our lee bow, but not a trace of the wreck could be seen next morning. The hark was hailed two or three times without any answer or notice, and then the confusion was so great, her name was not distinctly understood. Captain Read heard the name given from the bow as the Jessie or the Vesta, but he is uncertain about it.

MICHAEL WALSH.

Every newspaper reader has heard of Michael Walsh, the New York editor, who libelled Lovell's leaked for a libel. He is a man of generous feelings—but acts from misdirected impulses, and from certain erratic, perverted notions of right and benefit to individuals and to the community, does great wrong to other individuals, and to society, before, without malice. The last number of the "Subterranean," published since his sentence contains a sketch of Mr. Webb, from which we take the following facts. He is indeed a fated family. His father, once worth $80,000, died insolvent. A son died in jail.

The children, consisting of four brothers, of whom Mike was the youngest, and a girl, were left to struggle on as best they could, after enjoying with the mother. A singular fatality attended them all. One of the brothers fell by the side of Crockett at the massacre of the Alamo. Another was shot in a duel fought across a table in the South. The third was burnt on the Ben Franklin steamer, and suffered severely in the ill-fated Lexington. (And yet God is above all.) The mother was followed, and left Michael, like Lazus, the last of his race.

A PRIZE.

As the ship Union was coming up to New York, on Monday, Mr. D. Jones, a Custom House inspector, who went down in the pilot boat, observed that one of the passengers seemed not quite at his ease. Mr. Crane was ordered to keep his eye upon him, and the boarding officer came on board, when the man was searched, and watches, jewelry and spoons to a large amount, were discovered in his pockets, and on various parts about his person. Mr. Jones, and another inspector, were also on board, and found that the man on each sheet exceeding one ounce in weight, and that the same be prepaid:

That the present arbitrary, capricious, and excessive rates of Postage, are unjust, impolitic, and unequal in their operation; in the land, where distance is given, letter away contrary from the department, when its rates of postage are reduced to a fair and equitable scale, and of an art obliged to do if not would lose by it. We would, therefore, respectfully recommend the adoption of a single rate of one-half cent on every newspaper, periodical, or printed sheet, conveyed in the United States, and of five cents on all letters, and double that sum on each sheet exceeding one ounce in weight, and that the same be prepaid:

That the Retention of our Rates of Postage is some what limited, and probably will be, by the Report of the Committee appointed by a joint regard to National character, and the

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.50 in advance for 6 months.

Postmasters are requested to *hand* their letters addressed to us "Saturday Post" or *itself* to us when they exchange papers with us.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or cities.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current, half year's subscription, unless by a special agreement. Letters & remittances are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for no. bills.

Subscriptions solicited to make quick remittances, and when it is a difficult to keep account of the $2 paper should always give orders for time paid for.

Remittances must always state the Post Office named from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements:

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio and Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Messrs. Truman & Smith, H. H. Cranston, E. Rosenthal, J. T. Dent and R. T. Jennings.*

JAMES A. STEVENSON, of Louisville, Ky., is our Agent for Kentucky, assisted by *James H. Stevenson and John F. Johnson*, for Kentucky.

☞ We have no travelling agent to be name of Winchester.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio and Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Messrs. Truman & Smith, H. H. Cranston, E. Rosenthal, J. T. Dent and R. T. Jennings.*

JAMES A. STEVENSON, of Louisville, Ky., is our Agent for Kentucky, assisted by *James H. Stevenson and John F. Johnson*, for Kentucky.

☞ We have no travelling agent to be name of Winchester.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-West, with Messrs. Cragg and Nichols, at *Natchez, Whipple, William & Wood, O. H. P. Stone, and Henry Flint.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Pennsylvania.

JAMES MARSHALL is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

H. H. and W. M. WHEELER, for Arkansas.

☞ Agents are requested to call on us in Missouri, Illinois, and parts of Wisconsin and Iowa.

ALEXANDER HILLHOUSE, Esq., of Texas, is duly authorized to obtain new subscribers to Graham's Magazine, and the Saturday Post, and Lady's Book and *Knight* papers may also be had at his store in Natchez.

Notices of New Works.

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, *for December*, has been received. It is a large and handsome work, and the Mrs. Stephens has been associated in the editorship, has made rapid strides in the public favor. The engraving is in the last of the volume, and the plate-print cream is decidedly the best of the monthly publications. The literary matter, as usual, is of a high order of excellence. The embellishments are very beautiful and well chosen. The fashion plate is one of the richest and most tasteful given the latest styles for cloaks, bonnets and dress. Among the literary articles we observe a continuance of Mrs. Southern's thrilling tale. Anna Taylor, which has been so extensively admired by the ladies, has a rarer piece in the number. We like everything which comes from the pen of Mrs. Stephens, and we have no doubt that the publisher will abundant with the present number. Published by *Godey & McMichael, Number Eighteen*, N. Y.

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE. A spirited reply to the above has been received. It is entitled "Mr. Godey," and the forthcoming volume "cannot be beat" and for pleasure high commendation. We wish it success in the field. Were we the publishers of the work, we should be willing to set forth the remarkable difference between ours, which ought to command the most liberal patronage.—*Philadelphia Gazette.*

☞ The literary department of this work is well sustained. The embellishments of the December number, and Mrs. Sarah S. Stephens' evident enumerating the best of other such compilations, is more than the value of the price. All our ladies should subscribe for the work.—*Wyandotte Gazette.*

POEMS, *by Nimrod Wagon. With numerous illustrations, &c. Cincinnati: Applegate & Co. Philadelphia: Lee & Blanchard.* The author of this volume is a man of genius and extensive reading, and has a fine command of language. He has an appreciation of the beautiful, and a heart that can sympathize and feel. We have not room to quote from the volume, but we are confident that every one who can appreciate such poetry will be exceedingly delighted in Leo D. Blanchard is a publisher of whom we are proud, and rather know it than any manual of the sort. He deserves a liberal and handsome compensation for every day in the year. It is a work which we can not only recommend, for it is such a work as one may present a friend, and which will reflect credit upon the donor. We assure that nothing but good can possibly come from its perusal. It is a work which will be read by the Queen and Empress Poems, which will most assuredly please any lady in the land.

The book contains 318 pages, and the engravings, from designs by Tucker and Neagle, are executed by the celebrated Cincinnati artist, Mr. Rowse. It is a work worthy a long up to worthy of the character of the volume, and of the house which publishes it.

NEAL'S HISTORY OF THE PURITANS. *Edited by Adiel Sherwood, M. H. Hall, Professor in Amherst College, Prof. Hooper & Professor Hooper, Professor Hooper, and Professor and Professor.*—The work to be completed in eight parts, each, when complete, two large octavo volumes of nearly six hundred pages each. It is reprinted from the Text of Dr. Toulmin's edition, with letter of the author's last revisions, and the addition of a life of the author to the original edition, as issued in 1732. The value of the present edition will be increased by a view of the original text of Neal, and his compared every edition of the work with the writings of Baxter and Tillotson, Wilson and Fuller, Brooks and Caudle, Fleming and Venne, and Dr. Vaughan and Prior, have been laboriously consulted to correct the text and supply notes to it. The work which will most essentially please any lady in the land.

Part Second. A Tale of the Sea. By the Author of Richard Hurdis, Border Beagle, &c. &c. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.—The scene of the first chapter is laid in the West Indies, and the already popular romancer—the sixth American novel—believes that Mr. Simms is a contributor to the pages of the present short period. The interesting incidents which have the attention of the work are skilfully directed with the characters of the work, and the interest of the whole is shaped with a peculiar grace which cannot but make the work a favorite with the reading public and young.

At the same establishment may be found Neal's Puritans, Sidney, Hannah More, McCulloch, Kendall's Book, the Illustrated Common Prayer, and all the other valuable and popular publications.

THE ECLECTIC MUSEUM. *Edited by J. H. Agnew. Philadelphia: T. Gould.*—The Eclectic, for December, has as its embellishment a portrait of the late Mrs. Jones's picture "The Last Mass." On contemporary of the U. S. Gazette, speaks of the portrait in the most suggesting life. Has he overlooked the loss of Comp bell's Pleasures?

And ships were drifting with the dead,
All shrouded in the sail.

Still it must be conceded that the drifting of a corpse in her ship, might have been better managed. As a whole the picture is magnificent. The literary contents of the number are as usual, various and excellent. The paper alone is The Pleasures of Hope, and Campbell's Specimens of Literature," is worth the price of the number.

SONGS AND BALLADS OF THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY *With a Memoir of the Author, by H. W. Greenwood. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.*—That such a collection as this is not appropriate to the public taste, is evidenced by the eagerness with which it has been received by the public. Mr. Bayley, published by the same house. It is likely to be, ere, to meet a much wider sale. Every lady who can not have a guardian of her own, should secure one of the most beautiful songs of Bayley. This collection includes one hundred and forty. Mr. Greenwood's memoir is one that touch the American possessors what the English readers enjoyed. In English editions of Bayley's Poems, we can only regret, which publications in the form would infringe, was any of those copy-rights are still too valuable to be republished. The work is published in two volumes, Songs and Ballads.

VERY LIKELY TALES. *For Very Little Children. Philadelphia: G. D. Appleton.*—We have seen the little work recommended in the proper order, very little children themselves, and have no hesitation in recommending it to the use of parents. Besides that its examinations are carried among the little, it is also well calculated to please the child. The work is published in the form of a book, and is well bound in cloth, with a handsome frontispiece, and is printed on good paper, and in clear type, so that the child can read it with ease, and strengthen up his mind in pursuit of knowledge. The little tragedy begun to know the difference between fact and fiction, a great deal earlier than many children could be; and this very useful and comfortable little book will assist parents in this matter.

LOVE AND ARTIFICE, *a Book for Children. Philadelphia: G. D. Appleton.*—This is a book in advance of the Very Little Ones, and is of course, intended for older ladies and misses. Like the others, it is remarkable for its manner of getting up—both being an improvement of a hundred years upon such toy-books as used to be given under. It is just such a book as the mischievous and instructive to be supported, by the attention of the elder sound, there is another, and we shall expect sound by little books as this appear, or three. It is the beginning of a habit of reverence. The cuts in this book are very clean and spirited, and the whole is beautifully printed.

CAMPBELL'S FOREIGN SEMI-MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—The embellishment of the first number of this work for December, is a beautiful engraving—the Chantry Church-yard—from T. Chandler, engraved by Gray's Elegy. The remaining style of engraving is a Mr. Chantry's heads, capable of extensive use in such a object, and this is truly a great purpose. The reading matter of the number is of the usual variety and excellence.

LITERARY STRONG-BOX. Re-issued has published new editions of Arthur's "Six Nights with the Washingtonians," "Bell Martin" and "Fanny Dale." He has also the "Orphan Wife," and "The Seamstress," by the author of "Orphan's Tales." Each of these are excellent stories, and widely popular.

GRAHAM'S.—*Love & Blanchard* have published the December number of Graham's Magazine. It is quite sleepy in this part. Oh, Charles Chatley! give us more interesting and pointed stories. *Lorrimer the Scowling* half-way down the aim, and trimmed like the skirt, under sleeves of muslin and lace disposition from Mrs. Godey's. I will quote a few of the newest robes. First, one in Polish Royal Albert, corsage mounting to the shoulders, open in front down to the waist, with small collar, and small collar, sleeves flat: a continue in ribbon of lighter color very long. Robe of Polish de soie, green, and lace sides, trimmed at the bottom of the skirt with three rows of paintings, as is seen, placed at equal distances; corsage mounting and pointed corsage. *Lorrimer* descending half-way down the arm, and trimmed like the skirt, under sleeves of muslin and lace disposition from Mrs. Godey's. I will quote a few of the newest robes. First, one in Polish Royal Albert, corsage mounting to the shoulders, open in front down to the waist, with small collar, and small collar, sleeves flat: a continue in ribbon of lighter color very long. Robe of Polish de soie, green, and lace sides, trimmed at the bottom of the skirt with three rows of paintings, as is seen, placed at equal distances; corsage mounting and pointed corsage. *Lorrimer* descending half-way down the arm, and trimmed like the skirt, under sleeves of muslin and lace disposition from Mrs. Godey's.

Some little excitement has been caused in Philadelphia, by the publication in the Ledger of the report that their Majesties the Queen and Queen Dowager have discontinued the brass bands that have been playing for Coward Hall Theatre, in consequence of the proprietors permitting it to be hired for the monthly meetings of the Temperance Society. If there be any truth in this, Majesty's opinions must have undergone a change within a short period. I can remember that distinctly the late general elections, on occasion of her Majesty's coming up from Greenwich, a triumphal arch was erected across the high road from Dover to London, with a sheaf of wheat, and four inside matters and soubines. White her Majesty's carriage arrived at the arch, the Queen's carriage was to be stopped, and getting out, she walked through, resuming her seat in the carriage at the other side, as if she had been a Presbyterian. I have no doubt that her faithful people should have heard. Now of this statement be true, and I can see no good reason why it should not be, it is not to be said Majesty has been very foolishly advised. Why create a prejudice among the masses against her Majesty?

It is stated on the best authority that the Ministry have promised the deputation from the Synod of Ulster who lately waited on them, that they will bring in a bill next session, to constitute every Presbyterian House of worship in Ireland, a licensed place for the celebration of marriages and to make all marriages by Presbyterian Clergymen, whether of persons of their own communion or not, to be valid and legal. This decision of Ministers is not likely to be well received by their high church supporters in England during the interview. We have been desire to conciliate the Irish Presbyterians, and to go beyond their demands and grant them what literally springs from a desire on the part of the government to prevent the possibility of a junction between the Catholics of the South, and the Presbyterians of the North, by heaping favors and protection on the latter. The Presbyterians in my opinion may thank the Catholics for the boon, and with such information as might guide them in increasing it. This declaration was totally unexpected, and took the Presbyterians by surprise. They were busy desire to conciliate the Irish Presbyterians, and to go beyond their demands and grant them what literally springs from a desire on the part of the government to prevent the possibility of a junction between the Catholics of the South, and the Presbyterians of the North, by heaping favors and protection on the latter. The Presbyterians in my opinion may thank the Catholics for the boon, and with such information as might guide them in increasing it. This declaration was totally unexpected, and took the Presbyterians by surprise. They were busy desire to conciliate the Irish Presbyterians, and to go beyond their demands and grant them what literally springs from a desire on the part of the government to prevent the possibility of a junction between the Catholics of the South, and the Presbyterians of the North, by heaping favors and protection on the latter. The Presbyterians in my opinion may thank the Catholics for the boon, and with such information as might guide them in increasing it.

☞ A rumor has been current that Senator Choate, of Massachusetts, was about to resign in favor of Mr. Clay. It is now discredited.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

Bristol, England, November 3d, 1843.

We have really less news and chit-chat than usual, and if I except the brilliant manner in which the Queen was received at Cambridge, the departure of the Grand Duke Michael to Russia, and the progress of the Duke and Duchess of Nemours through England, there is truly little or nothing worthy of note in high life. The Parliament is adjourned, and certainly all the nobility and gentry are at their country seats, creating a considerable sensation amongst the tenantry, hedges and lanes. In London the election of Mr. Pattison Trade candidates to Parliament, and the rejection of Mr. Cobden's has excited much and agreeable surprise. It is a proof, by favorable change in the town, that there will be a favorable change in the Corn Laws. *Apropos* of Free Trade, I cannot help remarking the remarkable difference between America and England. Here, the Monopoly are of, to a man, in favor of Free Trade, with only a few exceptions, and the nations, or nearly so, is for a high Tariff. But as it is never my intention to enter into politics, I will proceed to the subject before me. The Queen and Royal Excitement is by no means great since she arrived, and as it is positively asserted that Sir Robert is resolved to go out with liberal measures, for the relief of Ireland, I presume that we shall not again hear so much of what occurred in the memorable "earthquake agitation." On dit that Government are positively bent on giving a grant of £5,000,000 sterling to the trade lands of Ireland, on certain and with an intention also of Lord Lansdowne and his followers from their "evil ways" as Repeal agitators. It is to be true, I say again, "better late than never," but the body of the Metropolitan Police has been sent to Wales to watch Rebecca. This has taken with them a large supply of handcuffs, so I suppose they mean to keep her fast when they catch her. I dispute a shocking account of the Army and Constabulary force in Ireland.

Death of Sir Egerton.—Mr. J. Newton Francis, one of the publishers of the Saturnian (Illinois) Journal, was killed by the accidental discharge of his rifle, on the 10th inst., near Monticello, Piatt county, Illinois. Mr. Francis was, it is said, a native of Connecticut, and was residing in the township in which he died unmistakenly during a period of some 30 or 40 years.

Death of an Editor.—Mr. J. Newton Francis, one of the publishers of the Saturnian (Illinois) Journal, was killed by the accidental discharge of his rifle, on the 10th inst., near Monticello, Piatt county, Illinois. Mr. Francis was, it is said, a native of Connecticut, and was residing in the township in which he died unmistakenly during a period of some 30 or 40 years.

☞ The Rev Cicero S. Hawks, late rector of Trinity Church, at Buffalo, has resigned his pastoral charge of that congregation, being called by the voice of duty to another field of labor.

☞ At the late Baptist Missionary Convention, held in Baltimore, subscriptions and donations to the amount of $4,125 50 were received in aid of the Baptist Foreign Missions.

☞ A new Methodist Protestant Church was dedicated in Baltimore on Sunday.

REPORTED FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

PLACES OF PUBLIC WORSHIP OPEN ON SUNDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 3d.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Second Church, Fourth street above Third street. Central Church, Eighth and Cherry streets. Third, Sixteenth below Chestnut street. Second Church, Seventh below Arch street. Northern Church, Second Front, Schuylkill Eighth and Willow streets.

PROTESTANT.—New School.—Third Church, Fourth street above Arch. Second Church, Fourth street below Arch. Fifth street, Eleventh Church, New above Twelfth street. Old Third Church, Spruce street below Seventh. First Church, Southwark, Germantown Church. First Church, Fairmount. Hamiltonville Church.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.—Saint Andrew's Church, Tenth above Spruce street. Christ Church, Second above Market street. Bishop White Chapel, Reverend Mr. Hodge's, Fourth above Spruce street. Saint Peter's, Third above Walnut street. Saint Mary's, Twelfth above Spruce street. Saint Stephen's Church, Penncastle Church, Reverend Mr. Hodge's, Fourth above Spruce street. Saint Paul's, Second above Church, Germantown Hall. Third street below Green. Emanuel Church, Marlborough street above Front. Church of the Crucifixion, Fifth street above Second. Church of the Messiah, Fifth street above Queen. Church of the Evangelists, Germantown.

FOREIGN.—Moravian Street Meeting House, below Fourth street. Cherry Street Meeting House, below Fourth street.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.—Saint John's Church, Thirteenth above Chestnut street. Cathedral, Eighth above Race.

CHRISTIAN.—Christian Chapel, Christian street below Fourth.

SWEDENBORGIAN.—New Jerusalem Chapel, Fourth above Race street.

MORAVIAN.—Hall at Third and Willow streets.

METHODIST.—Methodist Church, Wesley street below Spruce. Methodist Episcopal Church, Fourth above Race. Methodist Episcopal Church, Race street below Fourth.

UNION REFORMED.—First Church, Green street near Nine.

LUTHERAN.—First Mariner's Church, New street below Fourth.

GERMAN.—Church of the United Brethren, Race and Broad streets.

EVANGELICAL.—All open on Sunday Evening.

METHODIST PROTESTANT.—All open on Sunday Evening.

BAPTIST.—All open but the First Church.

UNIVERSALIST.—First Church, corner of Tenth and Locust streets.

UNITARIAN.—All open on Sunday Evening.

UNIVERSALIST.—All open on Sunday Evening.

AFRICAN.—First Presbyterian Church, Seventh street below Fitzwater. Methodist Bethel, Sixth street above Lombard. Wesley Church, Zion Church, Union Methodist Church, Canada Church, Asbury Church, Union Church, Bethel Church, Ebenezer Church, Saint Baptist Church, Little Pine street near Seventh.

BOOK READERS.—It should be remembered that such persons as all cases of fever, and of the most malignant and a certain state of the blood.

DR. SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA Pills are a certain cure for all diseases arising from impure blood. They clear the body from those morbid humors which, if confined in the system, produce disease and death. They are mild in their operation, comfortable tones in the mouth, and breath sweet. They are the most powerful purifiers of the blood, removing corruptions, and where taken into the circulation will prevent the formation of any disease. Sold at 25 cents per box, by

SANDS & CO., Druggists,
No. 79 Fulton street, New York.

The Markets.

SALES OF STOCKS.

625 shares Virginia Bank,		47
200 do. Girard Bank,		7 3-16
50 do. Phil. Wil. & Balt. R. R.		19 3-16
210 do. Reading Railroad,		21 1-2
50 do. Morris Canal,		11 1-2
50 do. Union Bank, Tenn.		63 1-2
50 do. Bank of Commerce,		63 1-2
44 do. Far. and Mec. Bank,		63 1-2
50 do. Bank of Penn.		3 1-16
50 do. Commercial Bank,		3
50 do. Northern Bank,		3
50 do. Schuylkill Navigation Co.		3
14 do. Penn Township Bank,		3
50 do. Bank of Penn.		3
50 do. Bank of Commerce,		3
$500 U. S. Bonds,		99
$8,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1845,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1844,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1845,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1846,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1847,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1848,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1849,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1850,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1851,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1852,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1853,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1854,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1855,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1856,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1857,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1858,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1859,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1860,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1861,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1862,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1863,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1864,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1865,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1866,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1867,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1868,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1869,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1870,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1871,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1872,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1873,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1874,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1875,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1876,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1877,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1878,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1879,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1880,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1881,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1882,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1883,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1884,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1885,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1886,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1887,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1888,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1889,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1890,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1891,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1892,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1893,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1894,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1895,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1896,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1897,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1898,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1899,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1900,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1901,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1902,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1903,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1904,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1905,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1906,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1907,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1908,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1909,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1910,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1911,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1912,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1913,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1914,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1915,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1916,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1917,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1918,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1919,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1920,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1921,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1922,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1923,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1924,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1925,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1926,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1927,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1928,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1929,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1930,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1931,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1932,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1933,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1934,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1935,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1936,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1937,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1938,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1939,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1940,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1941,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1942,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1943,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1944,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1945,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1946,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1947,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1948,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1949,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1950,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1951,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1952,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1953,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1954,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1955,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1956,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1957,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1958,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1959,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1960,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1961,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1962,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1963,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1964,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1965,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1966,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1967,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1968,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1969,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1970,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1971,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1972,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1973,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1974,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1975,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1976,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1977,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1978,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1979,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1980,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1981,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1982,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1983,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1984,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1985,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1986,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1987,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1988,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1989,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1990,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1991,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1992,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1993,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1994,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1995,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1996,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1997,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1998,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 1999,		78 1-2
$5,000 do. Penn. 6s, 2000,		78 1-2

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Buck is dull at low quotations. Coffee—The sales have been confined within the range of last week's prices. Sugars—Holders are very firm, with much enquiry some of last—the sales have been moderate at full prices—we have reported sales of several small lots of Uplands at 5 1-4 cash. Flour and Meal—There is a fair demand for the trade, and sales of 500 barrels Pennsylvania have been made at $4 75—several parcels of fancy brands sold higher. Grain—Wheat is in fair demand, and sales of 2,000 bushels Pennsylvania at 94@96 cash and a lot of Richmond at a price not reported, all for export. Corn Meal—At the close of the week there were made of a shade better—the last quotation, since which it has further declined—we hear of small sales at 50 cents afloat. Corn—A small parcel sold. Rye flour is in demand at $3 40 small sales at 3 50. Provisions—Sales of Mainga from store at the former quotations, without alteration. Groceries—Sales of Tea from store at the former quotations, and a parcel of Gunpowder at 37 cents. Rice—Sales from store at 3 1-2 cents. Seeds—Sales of Clover from store at 3 1-2 cents. Whiskey—Sales in bbls at 21 cents, and in hhds at 20 cents.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Dec. 4.—The Cattle Market of the week consisted of 1900 Beeves, including 50 taken in N. York, 250 head at one, 500 West Penna beeves, and the remainder from Chester county. Prices—Extra, $5@5 50; ordinary to fair quality, $4 50@5; common to poor, $3@4 50. Sheep—Sales of 1,000 head at one, 500 West Penna beeves, and the remainder from Chester county, at $2@3 50 per head. Hogs—Sales of 1,000 head at one, 500 West Penna beeves, and the remainder from Chester county, at $3@3 50 per head.

ALMANAC.

Dec.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	MOON'S PHASES
2 Saturday,	7 23	4 41	08 46
3 Sunday,	7 24	4 40	15 30
4 Monday,	7 26	4 39	22 17
5 Tuesday,	7 27	4 38	29 09
6 Wednesday,	7 28	4 38	1 41
7 Thursday,	7 29	4 37	8 41
8 Friday,	7 30	4 36	15 13
9 Saturday,	7 32	4 35	21 59

Full	6	9
Last Q.	14	7
New	21	9
First Q.	28	2

Married.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Bedford, Joseph Howell, of Bucks county, to Miss Elizabeth Lukens, of this city.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. R. Cowell, Charles H. Hall, of Bucks county, to Miss Sarah Ann Cope, of this city.

On the 27th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Wiley, Thos. White, to Miss Sarah Ann Wood, both of Northern Liberties.

On the 28th ult. by the Rev. John Chambers, Edwin L. Thomas, to Miss Caroline Stewart, all of Spring Garden.

On the 30th ult. by the same, Mr. Edward Lock, of Pennsbrook, to Miss Elizabeth Chalkley, of this city

Sacred Poetry.

CHRIST BY THE WELL OF SYCHAR.

BY REV. GEORGE W. BETUNE, D.D

"My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me"

Upon the well by Sychar's gate,
At noontide, sat the Christ, worn,
Athirst and hungry from the way
He had last said unto the Twelve,
The harvest had gone to seed, for God
And left him in the midst alone.

They came—and spread before him there,
With anxious haste, the noontide fare,
And gently urged him to partake.
"Master, thou hast need to take
Some food after the long, hot hour gone,
And there is no life but feeds upon
Some substance, nor functioneth new,"

For while they sought the city's gate,
And bought the food they need to eat,
And when to eat that comes from earth,
From hands of guile and intrigue,
His heart grew strong with joy divine,
More than the strength of bread and wine.

So, Christian, when thy task grows faint
Amidst the toils that throng the saint,
Ask God, that thou mayst prove unspent
Unto some other human heart;
And thou by Master's law shalt share,
Even while (or cross thy shoulders bear,—) OPAL

FROM THE OPAL.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

BY S. D. PATTERSON.

Why lurkest so an long, white she—tho one—
So lone and true, so beautiful and bright—
Now sits in cheerless watchfulness alone
Of waiting for returning through the gloom night?
And as the climate upon the distant hill,
Much esteemed and not for beauty only,
Can't reducing pest across but the gloomy knot
Of pure deposition, pleasure passes considerably, so I

He was her heart's first choice. On him was poured
The rail, rich treasure of her unpracticed love,
And when the stormy clouds of affliction lowered
Upon his head, she wept and prayed for him,
Might even weather—that division high,
Which to all trials meets the wounded will,
Gleamed in her breast with all its fervency

But he was all ungrateful. From her side,
Error allured and evil thoughts beguiled—
Love, reason, reason, had departed from his mind,
The passion hardened, and the tempter smiled,
And still his path it does control that they be,
Which, in its fullness, garbage all the past,
Sweeps with scorn the Guardian Power that saves,
To bring the wanderer safely home at last

From the Magazines.

FROM THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER.

LILBURNE VILLA.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

LETTER I.

TO CHARLES HEATON, ESQ. *April, 184—*

Come to Lilburne! The spring is opening in all its beauty. Yesterday I found a bob o'link, and this morning found violets. You don't know how beautifully my house is situated; indeed I am in love with my purchase, and would not part with it for twice the sum it cost me. This village is quite a little Italian in style—crowns the head of a rolling hill that overlooks the country for miles, so that my garden turns parallel. I can see Silsbee, a village, about half a league off, with innumerable mansions and farm-houses, some nearly hidden in trees, others in the full glare of the latitude. A noble woods covers the heights to the south-west, and protects me from the inclement storms of that quarter. Behind the wood the hill slopes down to the valley, through which runs one of the most romantic of streams. The stream on both sides of the valley was fixed: and much so are those of your pet Broadwindow—and on either hand hill tower lofty mountains, stretching up the hill side, until they seem to pierce the sky. Oh! you should be here on some fine clear afternoon to listen to the water murmuring between the stones, or watch the glistening sunbeam flickering among the reeds. Come to Lilburne!

I have not yet described my house, cottage or villa—call it as you like. You know I bought it a bargain, but you never heard its history. It was built by a gentleman who, when in Italy, fell in love with a beautiful Florentine girl. To please her, he came home, bought an estate and erected on it this villa, the exact counterpart of her father's, just outside the delightful Tuscan capital. But, poor fellow! on returning to Europe he learned that his affianced bride had just died, and he soon followed her to—a broken heart! There are three rooms on the lower floor, the kitchen being an out-house. The rooms are lofty, and stretches across one side of the building, is octagonal in shape, and has a sallow entry where the walls are adorned with pilasters, with mirrors in each of the compartments between. The windows reach to the floor. At each end the room opens into the hall, which is ten feet square at the other: hands into a circular apartment about the same number of feet in diameter—just may use it as a library or morning room as you please. It is one of the prettiest imaginable conception. The ceiling is a dome, richly ornamented; and around the walls run a row of light and graceful columns. The floor is of hexagonal tiles. When I was married I think Mary and I will draw here—but then I have time to think of it enough—and if she chances in, if you will come to Lilburne.

The other rooms I can pass over more hastily. At the opposite end of the house is a drawing-room, equal in size to the grand octagonal parlor. Up stairs the chambers are of the same numbers and pattern with those below. The little circular room over our smoking retreat I shall use for a library. The octagonal apartment I shall reserve for company. The other chamber will be for a friend. The servants must go to the attic.

Isn't it a beautiful little villa? You know I am considerably nebulous in my head, and before I knew the place was in the market, I pronounced it the prettiest scheme in the state! Certainly there is nothing like it any where I have been in America. You will surely be small. You mistake. Nothing is in worse taste—pardon the bad English—than the American estimate on the word small. A house can never be kept clean in summer in warm weather. The place is not big enough for a wife and our friend. I shall, or hope to have—and ask no more.

In a month and a half I shall be married! It will then be the first week in June, and we shall ramble in the garden will be in full bloom. You know how Laurel Hill looks at that season.

—well—my garden will be as balmy, and even more beautiful! I am having the walks put in order, the shrubbery freshly planted, and the brook placed between two artificial banks that will extend either at the foot or one of the most retired walks. I shall be lavish of expense. After that everything may be left to Mary, and I am able to welcome my bride. I never cared for wealth until now; but, thanks to Providence, I have enough for my own wishes, and more than enough for Mary's, and in the garden I have the finest loving of creatures in the world, and every day endears herself more to me by her sweet nature.

I am almost delirious with anticipations of happiness. You always called me a misanthrope, though the world thinks me only a cynic. But the world chooses only to speak evil—I am not proud to my fancy my spirit to it, and it is only in the presence of her whom I love, that I suffer my nature sentiment to bubble up somewhere. But I am not afraid of Mary. I can trust the pair to preserve me. My enthusiasm, however, has not blinded me to my choice of Mary. I have had time for that. I have had much, as all young men have, but no incidents of the heart. I have had my fancies, but I have experienced toward other women. It is true, I have found that first love, I spoke of, dissolved, in our earlier acquaintance, that she was not my equal in mind, and that my affections were that irresistible one, and I found at parties or other meetings, that I was content to be complacent remarks their never was matter in fancy on the breast and belles passing to and fro. I was charmed by her, and left her with regret. But I thought her a flirt, and you know how I detest such a character. I would not believe she had the warm, enthusiastic, tender-sinking, devoted soul of a woman. Yet, against my coldest convictions, I found myself thinking of her, and when I met her again, I was with every visit: but gradually, as I became familiar with her, the apparent coldness of her character disappeared, and I found, as you say of her, that she was not cold, but only shy of her affections. Her proud ways I soon made her discover, and I learned that she had loved me as a friend, an honor I had long more desired to secure, and which I resolved to myself. What need to tell the rest? From that time I have been a single-hearted sympathy between us and now that we could be more than friends. Sometimes, we call a pastoral relief. Love—came upon me unawares! My pride broke and grandeur taken for me daily at the table I found myself sitting without a fortune, but I had but I had enough for both, and never dreamed that I could love me for myself alone. God bless the fascinated—my heart sees thrills at every thought her image, as she looked when I first told her of my love. There is a glance of a woman's eye so much a time—if your affection is returned—and she looks at you tenderly for an instant and then—

Really I am too sentimental for a veteran bachelor like yourself. But come to Lilburne, and we'll talk of philosophy and sunday in my subscribers. You shall read Cicero and I Demosthenes, when we wish to relax. By the bye I have found some curious documents respecting the early Indian tribes of this vicinity; and, what will interest you more, I've picked up an original edition of The Tale of a Tub, with annotations in Swift's own handwriting. When think you of that? HARRY CARLTON.

LETTER II.

MY DEAR FRIEND. Good God, can it be true! I will not believe it—to do so would drive me mad. Mary!—poor Mary!—would to Heaven I had never come, or that you had never been born to ill-fated. It is not for myself I care. I could endure every thing—a hundred times more than I do, and even death itself—but that you should suffer is too much. Oh! her whole life—or rather that this stroke fallen on me!

You have heard that I am ruined; for these things travel like prairie fire. Every thing is gone, not a plank of the wreck is left. The perfidy of the agent whom I entrusted my affairs has lost my all, and the wreck is now safe from my vengeance only by committing suicide. Mary! Mary! I can not so sure part him.

Since I laid down my pen, I have slept—it is the first sleep that has visited me for three days—in my misfortune I am able to write. I can explain my views. Lilburne must go. The bills which I indorsed for him must be already due. I must desert. But alas! that is not all. Mary can never be mine! It would be criminal for a weary her now, and condemn her to a life of poverty; for with a load of debts hanging about me nearly three thousand dollars, and no profession, what can I expect but a hard struggle with fate? Mary, though not rich, has been brought up tenderly, and could not, however willing, endure the privations which, to the wife of a poor man, she would have to be subject. She would marry me, and afterwards she has written to me to say so—but it would be base in me to take her at her word. Besides, how could I bear to look on her bright cheek turning pale—to see her eyes becoming sunk in their sockets? The mere supposition makes me feel it would do, under the pressure of labors to which she must, from circumstances, be subject. Mary is a delicate as the dream of having such a wife to contend with the rough necessities I must shudder. It cannot be. Had these her and assist her in figuring up my affairs, I could see it is unusually. May you never feel the agony that now tortures me.

H. C.

LETTER III.

Lilburne is advertised. I have given up everything, even my beautiful villa. The creditors talk of releasing me; but I am almost indifferent to it.

It is the first week in June and the roses are out. Do you remember what I said about Laurel Hill, when I sent you to Lilburne? It was there—at the cemetery, I mean—the other day, and I thought how gratefully I could lay down my life and sleep quietly in that spot. I am forcibly reminded of the line over our old friend Clark wrote on it. Ah! I envy him his fate.

LETTER IV.

Thank you for your manly remonstrance. I can not—will not—die! "All is lost but honor." My character has been exculpated from the accusation of having left Lilburne. I have therefore, some qualification. But now I am so far gone in my despair that I am not able to write. I am not able to write. I am not able to write.